



# The Silent Worker

CONVENTION NUMBER

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth." —Dionysius.

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TRENTON, N. J., OCTOBER, 1915

5 CENTS A COPY

## CALIFORNIA--THE CONVENTION



The Convention Body in the Court of Abundance, Panama-Pacific Exposition Grounds, on National Association of the Deaf Day at the Fair, Thursday, July 22.



HIS is the last day in August, and I am beginning my story of the 1915 Special N. A. D. Convention. I will not be able to get it all in one issue; nor shall I make of it a serial story, for with most people that once popular form of writing is now out of favor, so I will attempt one story—humane and complete in itself.

The official proceedings of the Convention have duly appeared in the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. One of the first things that I did after returning home was to write and publish in The Bay District Sun (a local newspaper) a rather glowing account of our successful Convention. It was the first N. A. D. Congress I had ever attended, and I began my article this way: "Although a special session this Convention of the National Association of the Deaf will go on record as having accomplished more things worth while than any other previous convention in its thirty years' existence," I hope I did not overdraw it. I was merely enthusiastic and full of hope. Then imagine my surprise on reading later a Journal editorial which said: "It will go down in history as being more conspicuous for what was omitted than for what was accomplished." By virtue of distance and the prevailing "hard times" the attendance at this convention was made up chiefly of active, altruistic West Coast Nads, and I wish that Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson had written more encouragingly of what they tried to accomplish. I took much pleasure in observing this veteran editor and worker during the sessions. He was both lawyer and father. He always had a suggestive remedy to offer whenever some one unwittingly trampled parliamentary law. And that scowl of disapproval on his strong, benign face was the wholesome picture of a careful, exacting father. For example, he almost spanked little Jimmy Meagher for those little red Impostor stickers of his which read vaguely: "The Deaf do not beg," instead of the more proper expression, "Deaf-mutes do not beg."

But now that Father Hodgson and I have published widely different views as regards the suc-

cess of the Convention, I am going to hope that my judgment will in time have proven no delusion. I am going to hope and hope that the reports carried to the Hartford Convention in



JAY COOKE HOWARD  
President National Association of the Deaf.

1917 will show results that will make the San Francisco deliberations ultimately worthy a red-letter page in the N. A. D. history.

In regard to a general apathy which Father Hodgson further ascribes to the meetings, I believe that was more probably due to the pre-

cedent set by the Cleveland Convention, which discouraged hostilities during the deliberations, than to any thing else. Too much of the old-time "forensic eloquence" was of the spite-envy variety which by no means encouraged the deaf at large to rally to the support of the N. A. D. But after Cleveland,—what strides the Association has made! How its membership has grown, how we have at last awakened to real co-operation and service! Further proof of this was shown when the deaf in this Special Session, wishing to show their gratitude to President Howard, for the big things done in two years' short time, presented him with a handsome gold watch.

But to get back to my story, those Eastern Nads had their first inkling of California hospitality when they met Messrs. Williams and Howson in Omaha. The latter had been sent as a delegate to the Frat Convention there, while the former went of his own accord to be of the earliest possible service. Service—yes, that is the central theme in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and also the uppermost thought in the minds of Californians this year. So while their husbands deliberated Fraternal matters, those Omaha ladies, left so much to themselves, found the greatest delight in Mr. William's towering, helpful presence. He is a strong champion of woman's rights, and no doubt he enthused his listeners with many a plausible instance of woman's courage and success in the far West. Our deaf friend Miss Annie Lindstrom, of San Francisco, will here serve as a fine example. No one at the Convention could fail to note the burdensome cares of state and finance entrusted to her, and the fine, methodical manner in which she executed each and every duty.

I regret to record it, but it seems that those West-bound Nads had their first and only "tenderfoot" experience in Salt Lake City, Messrs. Williams and Howson included. As they alighted from the train in this famous Mormon City some party, posing as host, hustled them into a waiting trolley car. Indications pointed to a



Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, at San Francisco. The Photograph was taken in front of the San Francisco Civic Auditorium, where

long, happy, free ride. All too soon the car reached its terminus, and every one of those unsuspecting Nads was held up for fifty cents for the return trip!

However, when their train reached Sacramento two days later further doubts regarding the stability of our famed hospitality were dispelled by the warm reception awaiting them there. It was here that the deaf, following a pretty custom, presented President Howard with a huge gold key "to open the State," at the same time giving to every Nad visitor a souvenir in the form of a gold nugget. The Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, not to be outdone by its patriotic deaf citizens, was also waiting to welcome the Nads. Thru its Secretary, Mr. Howard was given the key to the city. Free sight-seeing trips by trolley and automobiles completed the brief program there. What a pity that the newspapers that evening, venturing their compliments to their silent visitors, credited the success of it to their baffled, gaping Chamber of Commerce man, instead of doing some worthy advertising for that deaf Charlie Chaplin—Joe Gabrielli—the lion, the idol of the Sacramento Valley deaf.

The arrival of the Nads in San Francisco on Saturday evening, July 17, was eagerly awaited by the crowd already assembled at the Hotel Dale. Then for two days before the opening session the delegates continued to come in, and everywhere cordial greetings mingled with happy surprises, which if written would make a wholesome volume for the dear uninitiated public which chooses to marvel yet at the happiness of the deaf. From the first the hotel management was so impressed that it exclaimed, "They—why, they seem as able to get along in the world as any body." That was a great deal better and saner expression than that which came later from a member of the Institution Board of Control which said, "Please inform the Nads that we regard the deaf as our pets." Well, well—just like our Boards of Control! They ought to know that pets seldom amount to anything in the world. Least of all should deaf children be petted; instead they should be taught the stern lesson of self-reliance.

I was just saying how sweetly every body greeted every body else, but the biggest surprise of all was when I saw the Nad Chief and the Impostor Chief fall into each other's arms in a long, loving embrace. My, how I wished for my kodak! Had I been a poet I might also have recorded the ensuing moments into immortal rhyme. These two biggest chiefs in the N. A. D.,—Father Hodgson, was not their spontaneous affection another indication of a progressive Convention at hand?

The entertainment of the Nads in the world-famed Santa Clara Valley, Sunday, July 18, by the San Jose Chamber of Commerce, is in itself a story which I regret I shall not have space to chronicle here. Never in this land of sunshine dawned a brighter, a lovelier Sabbath. In the air was the irresistible call to out of doors—the

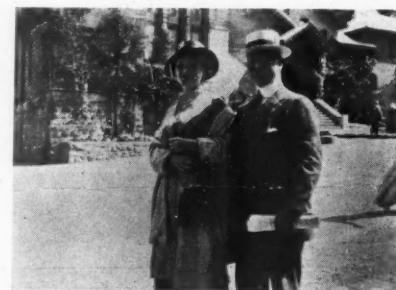
holds good throughout every season in the year. Naturally, then the Local Committee had speculated as to the color of the skies during Nad week. To their great joy every morn, except one, dawned clear and beautiful.

The hall in the new Civic Auditorium, where most of the sessions were held, was in every respect an ideal place. White walls, white ceiling, further emphasized by a generous sky-light over the speaker's stand, threw over the room a perfect, easy vision for all eyes. About the platform were flowers—lovely hydrangeas, whose green leaves and immense pink blooms contrasted effectively with the snowy whiteness of the room.

The mere mention of flowers will recall to the mind of every Nad present the brilliant, fairy-like scene in the Ball-room, wherein many hued, sweet scented flora glowed in rival splendor under the exquisite, mellow lights. With the exception of the Banquet at the Hotel St. Francis, this Ball was the loveliest and costliest feature on the program.

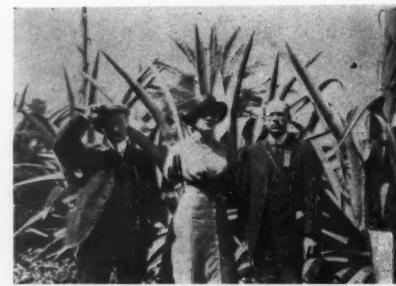
Then there was the unique event—the Barbecue—held in the famous Muir Woods. That, too, is another story worthy a dozen columns in this paper. For a time the little mountain train steadily zig-zagged in its course toward dizzy Mt. Tamalpais, and I don't know whether it was merely my impatience to catch sight of the celebrated virgin forest, or, whether the scenery, hinted just a bit of monotony, but it occurred to me that somewhere in the train there was a perpetual source of entertainment. I determined to seek him out—that burlesque New Yorker, the Rev. Mr. John Keiser, of course. For no sooner had he reached San Francisco than his fame spread quickly and he threatened to become the most talked of man in the Convention. But strange to say, I had as yet missed the pleasure of meeting him. Going to the forward end of the car I inquired of a bright looking chap in sporting garb if Mr. Keiser was on this car. "Certainly, shall I go and fetch him," he replied, pointing in the direction whence I came. I don't know how it happened, but I quickly discovered that I had him, Mr. Keiser, right there on the spot!

Counting the National Association of the Deaf, there were sixty-seven conventions held in the World's Fair City during the week, July 19-24, and it is not to be wondered at that our Publicity Man, the able Mr. Runde, did not secure better newspaper reporting, than he did. One of the reporters was so captivated with the beauty and force of signs that he exclaimed, "Why, those graceful gestures are just the thing they need in the movie drama."



**HODGSON & MISS WILDEY MITCHELL**  
(Miss Mitchell is the 23-years old Journal writer delegated by the Local Committee to escort the l. p. f. editors and see they saw only the good points of California. New idea in Convention arrangements. It worked well apparently.

Western tendency to worship at the shrine of Nature. This is the cherry blossom land in California, similar in many respects to the cherry blossom country in Japan. Late in the afternoon we reached Palo Alto and proceeded



**Miss Wildey Mitchell, the Selma (Calif.) cowgirl with Editors Wright, of the Observer, and Meagher of the Washingtonian on the million dollar grounds of the Berkeley School.**

at once to Leland Stanford University. There in that famous chapel, said to be finest in America, with one hundred and forty deaf for his congregation, the Rev. Mr. Michaels, the only minister in the crowd, held a brief, impressive service.

In these coast cities no one can tell whether tomorrow will dawn clear or foggy. The rule



most of the meeting were held. The upper part of the photo shows a view of the Exposition and San Francisco Bay, with Golden Gate in the distance.

It was pleasing to note that the indefatigable Dr. Cloud, always punctual, always interested, occupied a front seat and apparently paid more attention to business than any one else, the President and Secretary excepted, in the whole assembly. As President, Mr. Howard was thoroughly conversant with the demands made upon him. He seemed never at a loss what to say and delighted his audiences with timely, up-to-date speeches. Between sessions, there was about him a general characteristic air which seemed to say, "You mind your business, and I will mind mine."

It was during the last session that something like the Journal's cherished "forsic eloquence" came into play. There was a sudden parting of the ways between Dr. Cloud and the President over a point in parliamentary law. Instantly, Father Hodgson was on his feet, his mature scowl entreating his children not to prolong the fuss. Policeman Jimmy, meanwhile, had become the busiest man in the house, not exactly anticipating an arrest, though. After a diligent search in the Law-book he found the solution to the tangle and the trouble blew over.

Of the many things that I saw at the Exposition by far the most touching was a Red Cross display in a corner of the United States Government Exhibit. Here was a great Red Cross framed into a perfect circle by the flags of every nation in the world nestling against it in loving, trusting faith. How pathetically strange that man who fears nothing, dreads nothing, the horrors of war not excepted, will yet in his saner moments raise in his heart a silent thanksgiving for the blessings of a Merciful Red Cross!

Of the many interesting and weighty matters discussed in the Convention, the one that calls for the highest reverence, the most touching of them all, was the Rev. Mr. Michaels's beautiful prayer for the success of our proposed Endowment Fund. O, for a speedy answer to that program!



One of the Barbecue Cooks, Muirs Woods

Now there are many things that I have omitted in this story. I have not told about a great many other interesting people that I met and admired. Their turn will come in future issues, as opportunity suggests.

Long ago the old Spanish host, in welcoming to roof eighty houses and still have plenty left to supply firewood for a long while.

The Sequoia is almost fire-proof. Successive forest

in the ground, takes many years to rot. That is why the visitor under his hospitable roof, would exclaim heartily, "What is mine is also yours!" Many a greedy tourist took the words in their literal sense, and shamelessly robbed their over-hospitable host. Of necessity, the custom was short-lived.

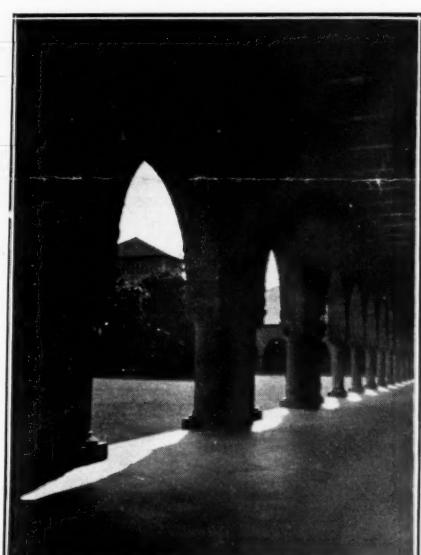
But, with the Convention over and the Nads departing, something transpired to remind us once again of the benevolent Spanish host. It was big-hearted Geo. C. Williams bidding his guests good-bye, exclaiming sorrowfully, in true native fashion, "I am loosing all my friends!"

#### TREE CEREMONY

By Winfield S. Runde, President California Association of the Deaf.

**FRIENDS**—Distinguished of all trees for its immensity is the Sequoia of California. For a thousand years, two thousand, three thousand years, these trees have stood in our forests the monarchs of all growing things. Away from the multitudes, in the silence of the mountains, these stately trees have reared their huge forms. They were old when Christ was born. The larger ones saw Rome sacked and burned.

China was young when they were old. They have recorded the rains of the ages. Their rings tell the wet and dry seasons. They are the tallest and largest living things in the world. They reach the great height of nearly three hundred feet—as high as a skyscraper and the diameter at the base of one tree measures thirty-six feet. They tower so high that to photograph them is an impossibility, except in sections. On the stump of one of these monarchs, two dozen or more people can dance with room to spare. It took a lumber firm over a year's time to fell and cut up one of these giants. A single tree can produce three thousand fence posts, enough shingles fires have failed to kill them. It is almost indestructible. The lumber from them, even when buried



Stanford Archway



Nads enjoying the Fair.



Secretary Roberts throwing Second Shovelful of Earth at Nad Tree Planting at Berkeley.

*Victorine  
10/22/00*

posts made from them are used so extensively.

We, natives, revere these trees. From them, we draw many lessons, not the least of them, that they teach us how small we are, how little we know of the progress of civilization through the ages which they alone have survived.

It is fitting in this ceremony to mark the place and the time where the National Association of the Deaf and the California Association of the Deaf met, that two young Sequoias be used to represent both Associations.

May they grow up together even as the two Asso-

ciations now linked together, are bound to grow. And as they grow taller and stronger, so also may the National and California Associations add to their strength and ever be, like these giants of the forests, the warders of the successive thousands of deaf who will roam this world till the end of man.



Muse, let us idly sing, in harmless fun,  
The late Convention where the setting sun  
Gleamed on the Glories of the Golden Gate,  
—The fame of divers "Nads" perpetuate.

First comes the noblest Roman of them all,  
With dome burnished as a billiard ball—  
But not like billiard balls inside the shell,  
For Jay Cooke Howard ran the rostrum well ;  
On idle vagaries he fitly frowned,  
Upheld contentions all could see were sound,  
Refused to let the ribald rabble rule  
Or rend the program's orderly schedule ;  
Speed, order, business—prompt and with dispatch—  
For trouble-breeders of all breeds a match ;  
Tho oft' reviled he'd list in smiling calm,  
Then sooth the riled, each honeyed word a balm  
Adhering always to his square-deal plan,  
The much berated Howard stood—a man !

Pray, who's that puny puppet with the pen  
Calmly ensconced above his fellow men ?  
The wren-like Roberts, debonair and meek,  
With brow serene and pink, smooth shaven cheek.  
A boyish Cicero whose mild brown eye  
Belies the fiery furnaces which lie  
Buttoned within his Charlie Chaplin coat  
And never fail to get Doc Crouton's "goat."

I saw the silver lining of a Cloud,  
Whose silver fingers swept and swayed the crowd  
In dumb oratory : with measured swing  
His mellow eloquence would mildly wing.  
Proud, prim and priestly, wonderfully wise;  
The ages learning in his keen gray eyes;  
Pointing the pious pathway up above,  
A man to rev'rence, follow, fear—and love.

His brother clergyman from old New York,  
Born by the blarney stone of County Cork,  
With droll dispute, in laugh-provoking way,  
Or joyous jest, would pass the time away.  
Oh ! Cloud and Keiser, varied as the poles,  
Each with a winning way of saving souls,  
Our fav'rite twain, aye, even unto names—  
Christ's loved disciples, gentle John and James.

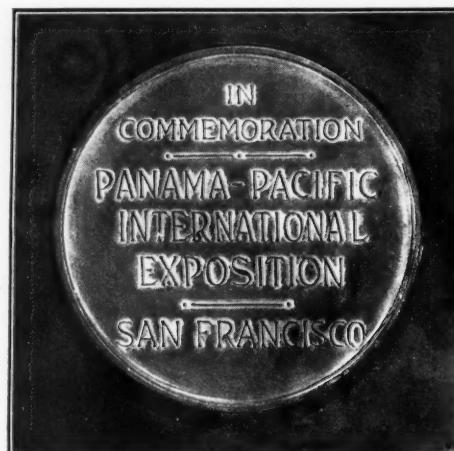
Oh ! last loved leader of a dying day  
Still in the flurry of the modern fray,  
The only charter member to attend  
Our Nad Conventions to the very end;  
Nestor of all, his pink and rotund face  
Beaming, as ever, with a jovial grace !  
Vender of vigor ; volcano of vim ;  
Live *refutation* of the old maxim :  
"The good die young." With fearless, facile pen,

## The San Francisco Revue

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

(From the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*)

The medal shown herewith was presented to the Association on N. A. D. Day at the Pan-American Exposition.



Fighting the battles of his fellow men  
'Gainst hopeless odds. What? hopeless? Nay, not  
quite  
While Edwin Allan Hodgson's pen shall write.

Hail, cheerful chum o' mine, forever Wright,  
That ready-fingered, kodak-toting wight,  
Who hugged me like a shadow, faithful pard—  
My dear, devoted Holmes from Scotland yard,  
We both were bitten by the self-same fleas,  
Together took our exiled hours of ease,  
Were served Chop Suey by a Chinese host,  
Passed up Bar-berrries on their well-known coast,  
Agreed to disagree on every point,  
From Howson's paper to some Hop Sing joint—  
Our wordy opinions conjoining well  
On but one topic, namely : "War is Hell!"

Across my inward vision slowly flit  
The Californians who deserve plaudit :  
The lofty Williams, burly, brawny Boss,  
Who humored homesick and who calmed the cross ;  
The earnest-visaged Howson, sure though slow,  
Content to labor, not to brag and blow ;  
Resourceful Runde of sad and sombre air,—  
A handsome Hottentot with healthy hair ;  
The tireless Annie Lindstrom, sub-she-Boss,  
For information never at a loss ;  
Fred Baars, proud princeling of the printing plant ;  
Lippsett and Luddy—plump and prone to pant ;  
Voluble Wildey M., whose cross—or crown—  
Was showing editors the phoenix town ;  
The swarthy Spaniard of the sturdy soul ;  
The Selig brothers of the fat bank roll ;  
Lohmeyer, custodian of the "kale;"  
Friend Monroe Jacobs who first bid us "Hail;"  
Impostor Marshal Dave ; so many more,  
To call the roll would make the fingers sore.  
Two dozen came from New York City, please,  
But only four from fair Los Angeles !  
Tho sixteen kopecks would the party tote  
Aboard an 80-onion power boat.

I also mind me Grandma Rice, in sooth  
As spry and sprightly as in days of youth ;  
And hold Bacheberle, his only sin  
An all-embracing, gloom-dispelling grin ;  
One holy Roller—as a full back he  
Oft scored for Gallaudet vs. M. A. C. ;  
Bond broker Frankenheim—I tried to sell  
Him half an interest in my back yard well,  
Yelected "The Meager Mine." (He did not bite—  
To Rev'rend Dantzer's most intense delight)  
Father McCarthy, calmly, void of heat,  
Protested Friday's banquet called for meat ;  
Wait ! What's the mob ? Let's see ; why bless my sox,

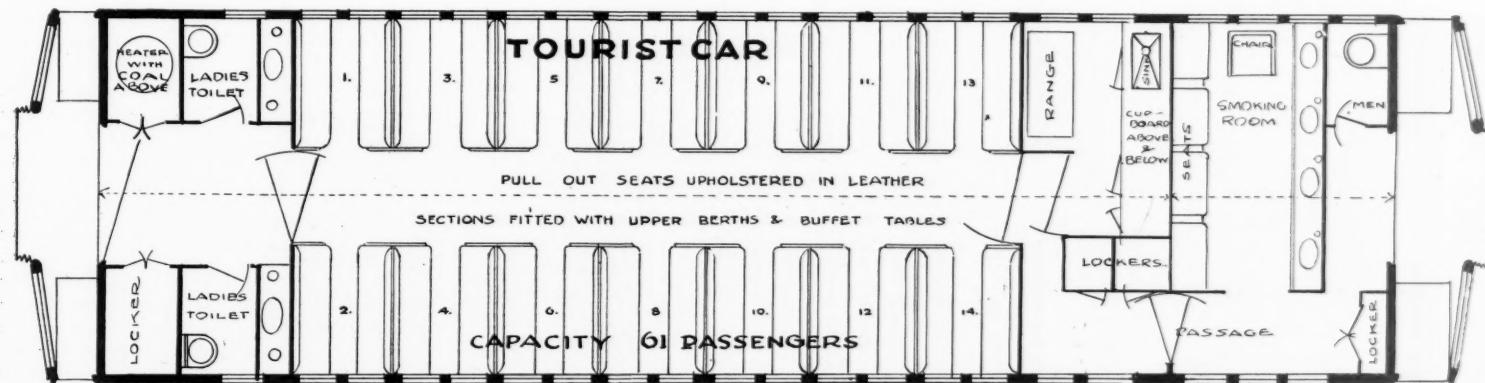
A shoal of suitors round the rich Miss Cox.  
But where the stormy petrel of our race ;  
The eagle beak ; the firm, impassioned face ;  
Our silent Theodore whose sullen hate  
"Resolved to ruin or to rule the state?"  
Afar he browsed amid his mountain fen,  
King of the chicken coop and fountain pen,  
Unlicensed undertaker—to inter  
The fourth deaf sheet with "Veditz, Editor."

Day in; day out, prompt, ready, cold or heat,  
The same four fighters graced the same front seat :  
Wright, Cloud, his henchman—quick to take af-  
front—  
And young McNeilly, rich-robed, restive runt ;  
A bright young banker he, with beardless face,  
The youngest leader of our ear-closed race,  
Just twenty-three, yet first of all the nation  
—Five days to get Impostor legislation.

Four long-frocked preachers, so the stories run,  
In San Francisco stayed that first warm Sun.  
The fifth, Oh ! happy heart, with friends not few,  
Roamed where the Santa Clara orchards grew.  
That Sabbath night four preachers stern of face  
Called down the erring for his fall from grace ;  
"You preached to eight or ten," he softly said,  
"But like old Mahomet, I went ahead  
And sought the mountain ; revered brothers mine,  
I preached unto a hundred thirty-nine !"

The Cravens—happy cowards—planned  
To flee the rain of rice in fair Portland  
But found before you'd been an hour afloat  
Six grinning fellow "Nads" aboard the boat.  
She had appealing eyes ; salt air and sun  
Added a peeling nose that's no pun.  
Oh ! blushing, blissful bridegroom, there's the rub,  
The see-saw swaying of the blamed old tub  
Caused Craven, bleary eyed, to seek the sea,  
Leaving his bonny bride to tars like me,  
While Lynch and Fay with menu cards (hickup)  
Checked off each item as he coughed it up.

That dour, eccentric recorder of rhyme,  
(Terrance O'Terry) had one trying time  
Showing his best and latest novel round—  
He sold a dozen neatly typed and bound :  
But college souvenirs, Gallaudet's goal,  
The well-loved ivied tower within the bowl,  
"Went begging. Not a sale ! One twenty-five !  
Each blessed grad seemed busted—sakes alive!"  
Farewell, glad gambols in the golden West,  
Farewell, sierras, with the sun kissed crest  
We "Nads" enjoyed our stay,—but now I'm thru,  
My brain pan's empty, and my pipe is, too.



## THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By JAY COOKE HOWARD

**H**AST spring, in these columns, we told of our plan to return from the San Francisco Convention by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We urged others to join us and secure a Tourist Sleeper all to ourselves, cook our own meals and do generally as we pleased. We published pictures of the scenic grandeur of the Canadian Rockies and told at length of the expectations we held of a glorious good time. For information we drew largely upon railroad folders and our imagination, both of which are optimistic sources. It now remains to tell of our actual experiences.

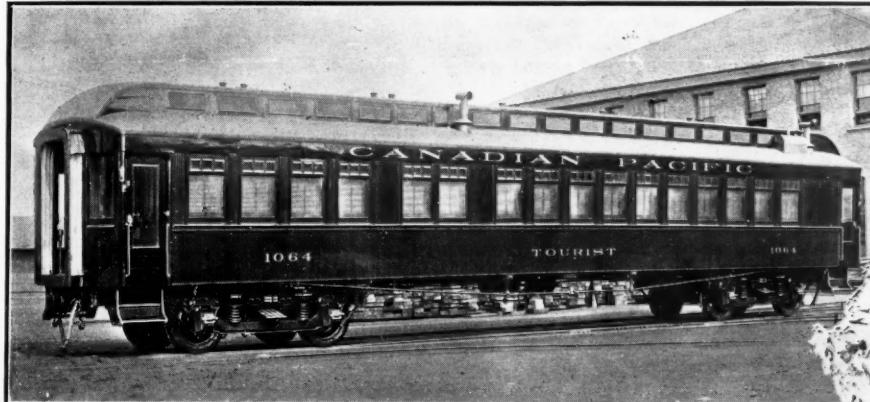
The success of a trip like this must depend largely upon the personnel of the party. If a

related Twins all rolled into two, ready to help cook, ready to help eat and ready to help wash the dishes and when through they would get out their powder puffs and powder their noses and do a cake walk down the broad aisle. In No. 3 was Mrs. Wilson of New York. She was the boxom, grey haired mother of the party and no party ever had such a mother. She was pleasant, smiling, cheerful and helpful all day long. If a button had to be stitched on, out came her needle and thread, if some one was in need of a little physics her knowledge of home remedies was invoked. In No. 4 were Mr. and Mrs. Stover of Boston. Mr. Stover was very proud of his charming little wife and she was proud of her gallant husband. Were there something to do the Stovers were Mr.

would have seen a bald head and eagle beak and would have taken to their heels. If, in their flight, they had fallen into No. 9 they would have landed in Mr. Atcheson's whiskers. Mr. Atcheson hails from Pittsburgh and favors the Lady Churchill Cigar. Like Uncle Joe Cannon his whiskers and his cigar seem much attached to one another and never part. Although well advanced in years, Mr. Atcheson enjoyed the trip from start to finish. He even flapped a pancake and ate it himself. No. 10 must have been rather overloaded with Messrs. Chambers and Midget of Tennessee. Mr. Chambers was strong on pancakes and weak on coffee. Mr. Midget belies his name for he is a strapping big fellow. At Banff he set out and scaled a lofty peak alone and unaided and came home sockless, like Jerry Simpson of congressional fame. We are not sure whether he wore his sox out in scaling the mountain or nailed them to a pole on the top of the mountain to commemorate his achievement. The Bloch brothers, of St. Louis, were in No. 11 when not elsewhere. One of these brothers could hear. Both are experienced campers and the best of fellows. Their friend, Mr. Remhardt, also of St. Louis, was in No. 12 and his hobby seemed to be stones and glass that glitter. The train butcher found in him succulent meat for stick pins, rings and

gee-gaws made out of beer bottle glass. No. 13, yes, who held it down? Why, His Royal Nibs the Porter. Right here we want to get up and remark that this porter put it all over the sons of Ham who were with the party from Omaha to San Francisco. And now, ahem, Ladies and Gentlemen, we come to the last but not the least of the party, the occupant of No. 14. Permit us to introduce you to Mr. Yeamans, of Winnipeg. A canny Scot is he, baffling on first acquaintance, apparently shy and reticent but, Good Lord, what a lady killer. He made more conquests during the trip than all of the rest of us put together and when he left us at Moose Jaw we had to marry him off. Yes, there were seventeen of us in a car that could, at a pinch, hold 61 quite comfortably. We had a room to frolic and gambol and room for pillow-fights in the day time.

From Omaha to San Francisco it took five days with stop-overs. We were quartered in Pullman cars that Noah and Ham and Sham and Japeth considered luxurious but that had deteriorated quite some since then. A lower berth cost fifteen big silver cart wheels for the five days.



This is the Car. Isn't it a Beauty?

and Mrs. Johnny-on-the-spot. If anyone did anything that pleased them they were not slow in expressing their appreciation. If one is to believe them, no one did anything to displease anyone. Numbers 5 and 6 were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee of Boston. Mrs. Frisbee is a plump little lady, not quite as tall as her husband and he is about as tall as Tom Thumb. She the sedate, he the frisky, carrying his sixty with the ease and grace of a boy of ten. At every stop, and there were many of them, he was out on the platform or on the ground doing gymnastic stunts that would put a college athlete to shame. He uses natural signs in a way that should make his fortune on the movie stage. His huckleberry story was a treat to deaf and hearing spectators alike. Mr. Heyer of Vermont filled No. 7 and a better fellow to camp with could not be found. His first name ought to be Work. Anything wrong? Not on your life. Coffee all right? SURE. Young lady to be escorted up a mountain side? Here's my arm. Cream needed. How many miles to the nearest cow? If anyone had peeked into No. 8 during the night they

were not permitted to do so but she did wipe the dishes. In No. 2 was Misses Albert and Laig, both of Ohio. They were Heavenly Twins, Gold Dust Twins, Siamese Twins and un-



Don't the Deaf Occupants of the Canadian Pacific Tourist Car Look Contented?

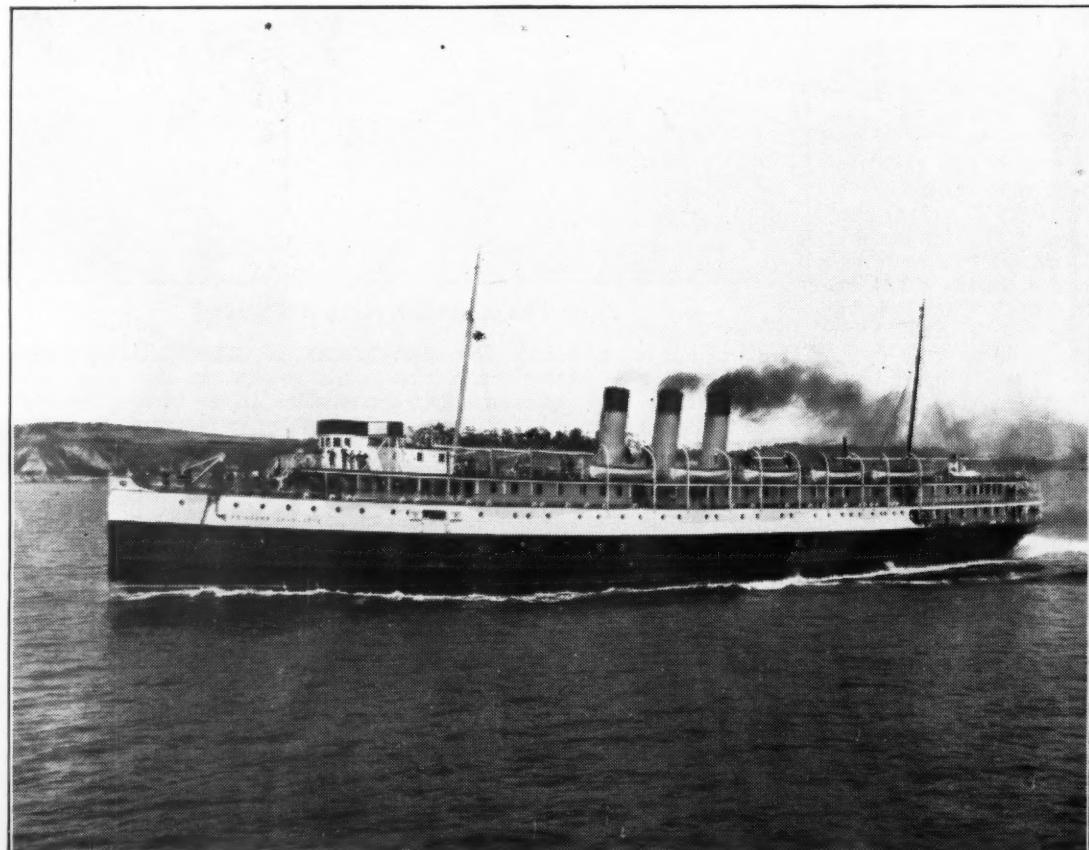
From Vancouver to Minneapolis it took exactly the same length of time with stop overs and we had a fine, clean, airy Tourist Car that could give any one of the three Pullmans we had, going, cards and spades and run away from it. The charge was \$7.50 per lower berth or just half of that if two occupied one berth. From Omaha to San Francisco we got our meals in dining cars and hotels and, at a fair estimate paid \$20. for food and tips. At Vancouver we took on a supply of provisions which were added to at Banff and Moose Jaw and the total cost to each of the party was \$2.25. When we reached Minneapolis there was enough left to keep the Porter for two weeks. What is more, we fed the Porter too. And FUN? Going we would sit around day after day swapping lies and stories and smoking until we were black in the face. Coming we cooked our own meals, washed the dishes and had a rip roaring good time and no five days on a train were ever so pleasantly and quickly passed. Going the service was abominable. Train facilities were overtaxed, dining-car waiters were half dead. Trains were made up into first, second and third sections and no one knew when he was to get away. Coming the railroad officials were courtesy itself, met our party at every principal stop and offered us every service within their power. Did we want more provisions? Could they do anything for us? En route there was some one around to point out the principal points of interest. Did some unsuspecting traveler invade our privacy he was taken to another car. We arrived at Vancouver at 6:30 P.M., Saturday, the busiest day in the week for railroad men. Four officials of the Canadian Pacific placed themselves at our service and by 8:15 every member of the party was assigned to a good room with shower bath for which he paid from 75 cents to 85 cents for the night, had supper, arrangements were made for the special car and provisions ordered.

But our trip did not start at Vancouver. It started at San Francisco. What is the use? We can not tell it all in one article. The Great Northern Pacific Steamship that took us from San Francisco to Portland deserves a story by itself. The entertainment provided for the delegates at Portland and Seattle would require a page apiece. The palatial steamship "Princess Charlotte" must be satisfied with her picture in print. The scenery all along the route was superb in the extreme. Victoria and the other cities at which we stopped were interesting. Much has been said of snow-crowned Pikes Peak.

In the Canadian Rockies there are whole ranges of mountains covered with snow to be seen from the train and there are glaciers with 500 foot faces. There are rivers and lakes and waterfalls. Every bridge was guarded by a Canadian soldier with loaded rifle and in places the tracks were patrolled. At Banff the party went up to the sulphur springs. Here they have one of the finest swimming pools to be found anywhere. In the big pool the sulphur water is 80 degrees while in an adjoining pool it is 98 degrees. Every day, every hour, every minute brought changes. The train would stop to give the passengers a chance to see things. Platforms were built right out on the mountain side to enable the passengers to get out and view the scenery. When tired of scenery there were the great parks at Banff with moose, deer, yak, elk, buffalo, all kinds of mountain goats and other animals to attract one. Along the route we passed a German concentration camp. Interesting? You bet. At The Great Divide one saw the glacier waters come rushing down the mountain side and divide, right near the train, one stream flowing west to the Pacific and the other East to the Atlantic. Cork-screw tunnels and snow-sheds held one's interest. In short, if one wants an intensely interesting trip, an instructive trip, a trip replete with grand and magnificent scenery over a road managed by men who pull together and stick together for the good of the service and whose watchword seems to be: "A Pleased Patron is the best Advertisement," one MUST take the Canadian Pacific and no other.

The Episcopal deaf of Chicago have recently acquired a church of their own, All Angels' Church. It is situated on the south side and is under the pastorate of Rev. Geo. F. Flick whose energy and ability have done much for the deaf population of Chicago. One of the most gratifying result of his work is the acquisition of the church mentioned.—*Iowa Hawkeye*.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare*.



Canadian Pacific Twin Screw Steamer "Princess Charlotte." Seattle-Victoria-Vancouver Service

# THE N. F. S. D. CONVENTION

By JAMES S. REIDER



Omaha, July 7, 1915

## OFFICERS AND DELEGATES OF THE OMAHA CONVENTION

Photo by Eitner

Top row, left to right—M. L. Ahern, P. W. Haner, J. M. Koehler, G. W. Arnot, J. H. Burgherr, G. D. Martin, Philip Morin, Daniel Tellier, D. McG. Cameron, J. W. Howson.

Second row—C. R. Barnett, P. N. Helfers, Lawrence James, W. J. Sullivan, I. D. Todd, Paul Sandusky, J. F. Flynn, W. H. Chambers, J. R. Goldman, L. J. Bacheberle, Jackson Bates, J. M. Stewart, E. M. Bristol, J. D. Moran, William Pfunder, E. C. Luther, James Downey.

Third row—Gordon Midget, A. J. Myers, Herman Koelle, George Hobb, Walter Green, Joseph Turnbow, M. J. Kestner, A. T. Bailey, P. J. Maue, L. A. Cohen, J. E. Curry, G. C. Brown, D. E. Moylan, J. W. Kurry, Ladimir Kolman, F. M. Leitner, J. S. Reider, C. R. Lawrence, R. E. Hartman, R. E. Binkley, J. W. Seitz, H. M. Leiter.

Fourth row (bottom)—J. E. Pershing, G. Pitzer, A. R. Murdock, Harold Lee, E. I. Holycross, F. G. Schwartz, W. L. Davis, H. B. Plunkett, H. C. Anderson, F. P. Gibson, C. C. Neuner, Washington Barrow, G. F. Flick, H. L. Tracy, J. S. Long, W. H. Rothert, J. W. Barrett, A. L. Roberts, J. A. Key, E. M. Rowse, E. A. Hart, Anton Tanzar.



THE sixth triennial convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, held at the Hotel Rome, Omaha, Nebraska, July 6 to 10, 1915, made a different impression upon us from all the other conventions of the deaf that we have ever attended, and we have attended a good many of them in our time. We believe conventions of the deaf are a good thing, properly conducted, being the means of stirring them up from a seemingly monotonous life and opening new possibilities and opportunities to them that could hardly come in any other way, and promoting the "get-together" spirit, not for talk so much as to produce good results, which is so important to the general welfare of the deaf. If the sage is right in saying that "self-help is best," then conventions of the deaf are a necessity. However, as intimated above, they must not be mere exhibitions for the display of sign-oratory, partisanship, and sophistry, or occasions for picnics. The ideal convention is the one that means business, adheres strictly to business, and transacts its business in a way that produces results. Now, as a corporation for profit, the "Frat" convention should be essentially a business convention. And it was exactly this quality which made such an impression upon us. There were seventy or more duly elected, qualified and accredited delegates, most of whom had part or all of their expenses paid by the Divisions which sent them, and, as such, they were not only obligated to attend the convention but the President saw that every one of them attended all the sessions, and promptly, too. For once we attended a convention where the attendance at all the sessions was not dilatory. In this the "Frat" convention leads all other conventions of the deaf.

It was a pleasure to many to "See Chicago first," and there is reason to believe that they saw more than they expected to see. In the first place, they were rather surprised to see how cramped the Home Office is. The business of the society seems to be outgrowing the size of the office, and, after all, it might prove a profitable investment to have its own building. The next convention in Philadelphia will probably wrestle with this subject.

On Saturday afternoon, July 3rd, the visiting Frats met a large number of Chicagoans of both sexes, in the open at a beautiful spot at Washington Park, and in the evening they were given a greater reception at the refectory in the same park. Sunday morning July 4th, was as wet as it could be; but,

happily, it cleared by noon, and the visitors were taken through Chicago's parks, beautiful boulevards and Lake Shore drives in the afternoon in four large sight-seeing automobiles through the generosity of Chicago Division. It was a treat that was thoroughly enjoyed by all. On Sunday night two special tourist cars took the Frats to the convention city—Omaha—arriving there the following morning before ten o'clock.

Hotel Rome—the headquarters of the Society—was taken by storm, as it were, and the clerks hardly knew how to handle the silent crowd which filled the large lobby, but gradually all had registered and then registered a second time at Omaha No. 32's Information Bureau in another part of the lobby, where each Frat was given the badge to which he was entitled, with an additional piece of white ribbon on which was printed in large letters the name of the city from which each one came. Delegates and alternates received red badges—with a clever key pin on which was mounted the letters O-M-A-H-A, symbolizing the freedom of the city; visiting members, blue badges; non-members, white badges. These badges were presented to each by No. 32, not sold. Souvenirs of the convention were on sale at the information bureau and consisted of Omaha pennants, stickers, Omaha and Council Bluffs ladies' recipe books and a few other things. All the members of the local committee wore uniform white hats, and when a visitor was in doubt, he was just told to see Bro. J. Schuyler Long, or Bro. Waldo H. Rothert, et al., but simply to ask any "White Hat" who might be in sight, a convenience which was appreciated. Huge streamers advertising the convention hung in front of the hotel and many of the stores in the business district displayed N. F. S. D. pennants, and, of course, the visitors were asked to patronize these "flag" stores. A small official program was issued by the local committee, which gave all needed information.

The day of the Frat's peaceful invasion of Omaha (Monday, July 5th) was observed as Independence Day. Flags were displayed on many buildings, but there was an entire absence of the odor of powder and all day we did not see a wee bit of a blackened and broken fire cracker on the streets, an unusual thing for us. Evidently Omaha had a very sane Fourth for a city of its size (population about 155,000). But yet the city was not without a celebration. The chief events of interest of the day were the aerial journey to San Francisco, a 300-mile auto

race, base-ball game, and the world's championship wrestling match between Stecher and Cutler. These events drew crowds to the city and filled the hotels, owing to which the deaf who registered at the Rome were not assigned rooms until far in the afternoon.

It was not such a great inconvenience though, because everybody was invited to attend the picnic at Elmwood Park, where a free luncheon was served in Western style by an auxiliary committee of ladies. The day happened to be the kind most suitable for such an occasion and it thus was most enjoyable.

A reception and ball tendered to the visitors at the Hotel Rome in the evening, following the picnic, added another beautiful and enjoyable event to the day. A line of twos was formed with Dr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long at the head who formed the nucleus of the receiving line inside the ball-room, receiving each pair as they passed, when they also took a position in the receiving line, and so on until all had been received, the line then extending all round the room. This ceremony over, dancing began. The handsome and spacious ball-room was brilliantly lighted for the occasion and the hotel orchestra furnished the music that gave inspiration to those who "trip't the light fantastic toe," and charm to those who did not. On Tuesday morning, July 6th, at 9 o'clock, the delegates met and organized the convention. It was in the same room which the night before had been the scene of the gayest occasion of the social side of the convention. It was now transformed into an assembly-room. The lights shined as brilliantly as on the evening, but the waxen floor was covered all over with carpet, long tables were made to serve as desks for the delegates and were strewed with literature, writing-paper, blotters, ink bottles and pens, while the rear was filled up with chairs for visiting Frats who cared to attend the sessions and helped make an imposing attendance. There was some delay at the beginning, owing to the glare of the lights on the platform, but Rome Miller, the obliging owner of the hotel, soon appeared with two electricians and, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, personally directed changes of the lights to adapt them to a deaf assemblage. After seeing that all the delegates had every comfort and convenience possible, Mr. Miller retired.

After Brother John W. Michaelis had delivered the invocation, the Credentials Committee made its report, showing as present 10 officers, 42 delegates, and 20 alternates, a total of 72 on the convention roll. Including Los Angeles, whose delegate was taken

ill enroute to the convention, eight Divisions were reported unrepresented at the convention. We need not give the names of the delegates and alternates who attend this 1915 meet, as they appear with the cut at the head of the account. Don't they look like an intelligent, progressive, and "boasting" lot? Those who had never attended a Frat convention before soon found out to their surprise that they were not on a pleasure jaunt. One who did think at first that it made little or no difference if he came in a little late at a session found to his dismay that a repeat of the offence would render him liable to a fine even if the lateness was caused by an auto ride.

At ten o'clock, business was suspended to allow an open meeting, which many ladies attended. L. J. Te Poel, Esquire, representing the Mayor, who was unable to be present, delivered a spicy little welcome, to which responses were made on behalf of the Society by Brothers Reider, Roberts, Howson, and Tracy, for the East, Middle West, West and South respectively. Other addresses were made by Rome Miller, the energetic proprietor of the Hotel Rome and a member of the State Legislature, who proved a happy speaker; Superintendent Henry W. Rothert, of the Iowa School; and F. W. Booth, Superintendent of the Nebraska School, all of whom made complimentary speeches.

Then followed a beautiful rendition in signs of the "Brotherhood of Man," (written by Brother J. Schuyler Long) by Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert. It was as follows:-

It matters not if one may be  
A Christian or a Jew,  
Or whether he be humbly born  
Or if his blood be "blue."  
  
If he be clean and earn his bread  
By honest and faithful toil,  
And if no base, dishonest deed  
His willing hands may soil;  
  
If in the race no deed unfair  
Doth rob the weak of right;  
And he doth share another's grief  
And make some burden light;  
  
No word untrue of his doth bring  
Reproach to some fair name;  
And he is ever quick to praise  
And always slow to blame;  
  
If, like the good Samaritan  
He helps another's need,  
He's true to God no matter what  
May be his race or creed.  
  
For such is what the Father taught  
Since first the world began,  
That peace and love should join us in  
The Brotherhood of Man.

Brother Cohen was next called on to recite "America" and, though unprepared he gave it both orally and in signs.

In the afternoon the convention settled down to business in earnest. Most of the delegates had divested themselves of their coats and, with sleeves rolled up, seemed ready for the trying ordeal of a busy session. Almost at the very start a snag was struck which some of the more facetious members were pleased to style a David and Goliath encounter, in which the principals were Brothers Reider and Koehler, the erstwhile friends and co-workers in church work whom destiny had separated for more than a decade and now, by chance and under the benign influence of fraternity, had been reunited. In justice to both parties, it was a mere parliamentary skirmish over an alleged irregularity in the composition of the Committee on Business. Though considerable warmth was shown on both sides the matter in dispute was finally adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties to the controversy, thus restoring the *entente cordiale*. Our limited space will not allow us to produce the report which caused the dispute but it may be found in the July *Frat*. The

convention adopted the entire report with only a slight amendment.

One of the important topics considered by the convention was the enlargement of the *Frat*, the official publication of the Society, by the addition of more pages. It met with almost unanimous approval, but the expediency of making the change was shouldered upon the Board of Directors. It was the most logical thing to do in the matter, for the Board is best able to judge how far such a change will be warranted.

It is a notable fact that the Society has gone on record more than once in showing its honesty of purpose, a thing which we know can not be said of all fraternal orders. An order which goes to the limit in profiting on mere technicalities in claims against it shows a pitiful lack of the fundamental principles of brotherhood, and one may well decline to cast his lot with it. Thus far, in all worthy claims that have been shown to be morally valid, our Society has been disposed to brush aside technicalities in settlement of claims, and it will doubtless continue to do so as long as there is no wanton abuse of its generosity. Such a dispensation was granted in three instances at the convention, because all were shown to be worthy cases.

There was probably no more surprised man at the convention than Brother Tracy, who figured as the recipient in a beautiful presentation. He had been awarded an "invisible" prize at the Columbus

Convention, three years ago, for securing the most new members within a specified time. The kind of surprise had not been decided then and Bro. Secretary Gibson took time to select a worthy one. It must have taken him longer than he thought and so much the better; for when, at last, a new die was made for the standard style of fob for the members, he conceived the idea of having the first fob pendant made of solid gold from it, which was mounted on a suitable ribbon and now presented to Brother Tracy with the Secretary's apologies for the delay of the award. It is not only a beautiful prize, but Brother Tracy has the honor of having the first fob made from the new die. On the reverse of the pendant is inscribed: "Presented to H. Lorraine Tracy in appreciation of his hustling fraternalism, Columbus—1912." The happy recipient was taken completely by surprise and thanked the Secretary for the valued prize. The fob was much admired by all who examined it after the meeting.

(To be continued.)

#### STATISTIC OF SIGHT AND HEARING

Blindness is more common in men than in women, the proportion according to the last census returns, being one in every 1,316 males and one in every 1,424 females. As regards deafness, however, the position is reversed.



#### The Knocker

"That night the banquet took place, to which it is not possible for me to do justice. One of the toasts was 'Knockers' by J. W. Howson, San Francisco, California."

The Frat, July, 1915

The California Situation  
as seen by  
ZENO

## PUBLIC OPINION

BY DR. J. H. CLOUD



THE notable event of the past summer of special interest to the deaf was the convention of the National Association of the Deaf at San Francisco last July. Both the business and the social sides of the convention were of a high order and reflected great credit upon all who in any way were responsible for the program of the day. While the scenic transcontinental trips, the attractive Exposition, the wonderful country, the congenial climate, the new built city, the hospitable and progressive people all conspired to make a favorable and enduring impression upon the visiting delegates, the importance of the convention itself should not be underestimated simply because the proceedings failed to partake more of the forensic, the specular or the sensational. The convention, on the whole, was a harmonious and business-like gathering. The work done at San Francisco will go far towards clearing the way for more substantial, progressive and aggressive work at Hartford two years hence when the first centennial of the founding of deaf-mute instruction in America is to be duly commemorated.

One of the novel and pleasing features of convention week was the parade of the delegates from Fillmore street entrance of the Panama-Pacific Exposition to the Court of Abundance. The parade was led by Exposition officials and headed by the Exposition band. Owing to the conflicting noises within the Exposition grounds the oral address and responses did not seem to carry more than a few feet away, but the sign rendition of these same addresses was easily followed and fully appreciated by the several hundred present regardless of distance from the speaker. And yet "our friend the enemy,"—the oralist, would have us dispense with the sign-language.

Delegates to the San Francisco convention, who proceeded southward after final adjournment at the Exposition city were cordially received and splendidly entertained by the representative deaf citizens of Los Angeles.

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Of all cities in which have been held conventions of the National Association of the Deaf, San Francisco is the only one bearing the unmistakeable and ineffaceable impress of the genius of a deaf-mute citizen—Mr. Douglas Tilden, the noted sculptor. The Mechanics monument (Donahue Fountain, the Native Sons monument, the Spanish-American Volunteers monument, which occupy prominent positions along the leading thoroughfares of the city; the Junipero Serra monument, the Foot-ball and Base-ball monuments in Golden Gate park, the Indian-Grizzly Combat monument on the grounds of the State School for the Deaf in Berkeley, and the symbolic fountain base in an Oakland park are among the more prominent contributions of this versatile and gifted native son to the art treasures of the metropolis of the Pacific. In the splendid Native Sons of the Golden West building, in which was given the grand ball of convention week, is a tier of handsome stained-glass windows portraying the features of prominent native sons—among them Tilden's. It seemed to those below that he was looking down approvingly upon the gathering of fair ladies and brave men on that notable occasion. While appreciating the obstacles in the way of Mr. Tilden's being present at and participating in the proceedings of the convention it is none the less regrettable that one who, in the past, having been so active in the affairs of the deaf should not have been one with us when the National Association met

in his home city—the scene of his greatest achievements.

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"The Dual Systems Eventually: Why not now?" is the heading of an article by Mr. J. D. Wright, principal of an oral school, and published in the September issue of the Volta Review. For an ultra oralist like Mr. Wright, to advocate "the dual system" is in itself a significant admission that even the oralists are beginning to realize that the single speech method which they advocate is not all sufficient for the needs of the deaf. Between the "dual system" advocated by oralists and the Combined system advocated by leading educators of the deaf and endorsed by the educated deaf there is only a technical difference. The educational advantages are all in favor of the "combined system" which includes not **one**, nor

financially responsive to the first mere announcement of the advent of another newspaper. The Silent Worker and the Journal have long occupied what may be regarded as the independent field. They have given and are giving such highly satisfactory service as to render it exceedingly difficult for another paper to make headway in their respective domains. The Frat serves, and must continue to serve, a very large number of subscribers while the leading school papers satisfy quite a few. While there is always room for just one more it will require considerable money and exceptional merit for a newcomer to make and maintain a place for itself.

We predict that the next venture into the field of independent journalism likely to prove successful, satisfactory and enduring, will be a bulletin issued by the National Association of the Deaf. The large and growing membership of the Association amply justifies its undertaking a newspaper of its own. It may first appear as a quarterly, later as a monthly or oftener. Such a periodical backed by the National Association and conducted in a courteous, conservative, fair and businesslike manner, will inspire and attract the support of the educated deaf of the country.

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Several of the larger societies of the deaf of New York, among them the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Knights of De L'Epee, League of Elect Surds, Mens' Club of St. Ann's, Xavier Allied Societies, Division 23 N. F. S. D., and the Clark Deaf-Mute League have allied themselves together to give a series of entertainments on a large scale, the net proceeds of which will go to the De L'Epee Memorial Statue Fund. This plan for concentrating the efforts of diverse organizations of the deaf upon a common object—a most worthy object by the way—is deserving of the highest commendation and should be followed by the deaf of the larger centers of population in all parts of the country.

## SEPTEMBER

Sky aglow,  
No breezes blow—  
Sunbeam tracks in road dust lie  
Nature asleep—  
Earth, vigil keeps,  
While the summer passes!

"O"

## GAME OF "500"

A pasteboard pastime used as a substitute for intelligent conversation among the "400"—Hubbard.



BY HER PAPA'S GRAVE.  
Tomb of Mr. Oscar H. Regensburg in Woodlawn Cemetery Santa Monica, California.

two but **ALL** approved methods of teaching the deaf and adapts the method to the needs of the individual child.

In the introductory part of an article referred to Mr. Wright says:

"Mr. Gallaudet went to England for the purpose of learning how to teach deaf children by the pure speech method."

The above statement has not an historical leg upon which to stand. Dr. Gallaudet went to England and later to France with an open mind. His object was to gather information as to how the deaf could be taught. He did not go to England because the speech method was used there, but because a school for the deaf was located there. He went to France for the same reason.

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A year ago the Silent Courier suddenly shot above the newspaper horizon and after thirteen issues, (a mere coincidence perhaps), as suddenly dropped out of sight. Inasmuch as the initial number emphasized the Editor's undying resolve that the paper would "LIVE" we promptly sent in our subscription. It seems, however, that an oversupply of confidence and an undersupply of money not only hastened but invited the end. A paper starting out with the declaration: "I intend to LIVE," and desiring to be taken seriously, should at least have sufficient financial backing to carry it safely over an extended probationary period. Confidence in independent journalism has been shaken too often to make the public



Delegates to California Convention at Capitol, St. Paul Minn.



# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1915 NO. 1

Col. Margerum never forgets our little folks when Fair Time comes around.

Our Silent Worker now goes to almost every country of any importance in the civilized world.

## ENROLLMENT

The opening day, Sept. 13th, brought us 143 boys and girls, a larger number by about twenty than any previous opening day. The enrollment in 1913-1914 was 170, in 1914-1915 it was 190, and during the coming term it promises to pass the two hundred mark. The boys' new dormitory building, when filled to its utmost capacity, will hold 120 boys, and its limitations probably will be reached before the term is ended. Unless new space is afforded, it will be but a year or two ere we again carry a waiting list.

## MOTOR DANGER

The summer has been full of sunshine and health and jewelled with a thousand joys to most of our pupils. They report, in nearly every case, better times, better homes, and better hopes for the future; and, best of all, they have returned almost to a child, with their faces beaming with gladness at getting back to the splendid things that here surround them. The two shadows that have fallen were both cast by motor vehicles. Early in August Mr. John P. Dobbins, the father of Charles Dobbins, stepped from the sidewalk in front of his summer home in Belmar into the street and was instantly killed by a motor-cycle. A few days later, one of our boys, Harold Thomas,

## THE SILENT WORKER

was run down by an automobile in the streets of Camden and so badly injured that he is still in the Camden hospital. Both cases are sad reminders of the growing dangers of the streets, reminders that were not needed by the rank and file of our little folks who "stop" and "look" a dozen times before attempting the crossing of a thoroughfare, but to the careless few they will act as a caution that will not soon be forgotten.

## PENNSYLVANIA'S RE-UNION

The re-union of the Alumni Association of the state of Pennsylvania, held at Mount Airy on the 4th of September, seems to have been one of the happiest occasions of the many happy ones enjoyed of late years by the deaf of that state. The key-note of the meeting was loyalty; loyalty to friends, loyalty to teachers, loyalty to each other and loyalty to their old Alma Mater. Referring to this, the announced principal aim of the association, President Davis said in his address:—

"Of all human traits which contribute most to the unity, strength, integrity and growth of any organization, loyalty is entitled to the first consideration."

Dr. Hodsgon speaking of the meeting says of it that it was "a credit to the deaf, as well as to the Institutions that educated them. Loyalty to one's Alma Mater is a virtue to be applauded, and it is conspicuously noticeable that the deaf are seldom lacking in this respect. For their former teachers they invariably have words of affection and praise, and for the Principal or Superintendent their motto inevitably is: The Chief, always right; but, right or wrong, the Chief!"

"Those who know the lovable personality of Dr. A. L. E. Crouter can never be surprised at the loyal attitude of his former pupils towards him."

He refers to the fact that the proceedings were in the sign-language and adds:—"What is there in the education of the Pennsylvania deaf that has generated and fostered the get-together spirit that they manifest beyond all other States? Whether it was imbibed at the teacher's knee in the class-room, or in the chapel from the lecture platform, it is there. It has welded the deaf of Pennsylvania into one long and strong chain, and enabled them to work in concert, and exercise their strongest combined effort, for the common good."

One of the most interesting features of the program was the following poem by Miss Gertrude M. Downey of the class of 1880:

## GREETING.

Dedicated to Dr. A. L. E. Crouter by the class of 1880

The loyal subject sallies forth  
With gifts to meet his king!  
When man some mighty deed hath wrought  
The world with plaudits ring!  
But we, thy "silent children" have  
No fairer gifts to lay  
Upon the altar of our love  
Save wreaths of brightest Bay!

Though on no costly monument  
Thy name e'er graven be,  
Nor gilded walls of cathedral  
For passing throngs to see,  
A thousand hearts shall yet recall  
Thy name with loving pride,  
And know ye not that this is Fame,  
Which only can abide!

The years which thou hast labored here  
Have not been spent in vain,  
And when God's harvest day shall dawn  
Will yield thee golden grain!  
The heights which men of fame have reached  
And won by ceaseless care—  
"Lift up thine eyes unto the hills,"  
Behold thy laurels there!

The class of 1880 consisted of Nettie Weil Heyman, Alice Annis Breen, Julia A. Foley, Katie Garbet Hoopes, Harriet Berg Dolph, and Gertrude M. Downey.

With the dominating spirit that prevailed in all of the proceedings of the September meeting continued, the good that the Alumni Association of Pennsylvania may do can scarce be measured.

## REFRESHED

As everybody has been refreshed by the summer, so every place around our grounds and buildings has been brightened up. A fine concrete walk has been made from the near corner of the boys building to the school-rooms and dining hall, there has been repainting, white-coating, plastering, new roofing and pretty much everything needed in the way of repairs, all round, and we were never in much better shape in the fall. Our centre and south wing, things that were greatly needed, were not provided by the last legislature, and, what is yet more to our regret, we failed to get our very much needed heating plant. But we shall wait patiently and will hope that the next year will bring both, and then we shall be prepared for all reasonable emergencies.

The address delivered before the Minnesota Association of the Deaf at St. Paul, last month, by Miss Petra T. Fandrem, Superintendent of the Division for the Deaf in the state department of Labor and Industries, will be found on another page, and is worthy of the most careful perusal by everybody interested in the deaf.

## OCTOBER

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow  
brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.  
Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,  
Like to a good old age released from care,  
Journeying, in long serenity, away.  
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I  
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and  
brooks,  
And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
And music of kind voices ever nigh;  
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

—Bryant.

**SCHOOL and CITY**

Halloween, Thanksgiving and then Christmas.

Charlie Dobbins has matriculated at Gallaudet College.

The hottest days of the summer ushered in our new term.

We all hail the lower thermometer with joy after that awful spell.

Mary Sommers was one of Anna Robinson's callers during August.

Quite a number of our boys are members of the local Y. M. C. A.

Roy Hapward spent quite a bit of his time "awheel" during the summer.

Base-ball continues to attract the larger boys, when the weather permits.

Elias Scudder had a position with the Public Service Co. during the summer.

The superintendent took his seventeenth trip to the fair with us on Monday.

Maud Thompson and Adele Silverman have promised us a visit in the near future.

The increase in our number of children probably will necessitate another teacher.

We had watermelon for supper one day last week, and all did ample to the occasion.

Marion Apgar's papa has a new "Overland" much to the satisfaction of Miss Marion.

Anna Klepper was the guest of Jessie Casterline for two weeks during the summer.

Master Tony Dondiego spent four weeks in New York and several days at Coney Island.

My! How Esther Woelper, Isabella Long, Marion Bausman and Edith Tussey have grown.

Andrew Dziak was taken on as an extra hand during July and August and did good work.

Miss Helen H. Graver takes the place of Miss Lila Wood who left us to be married in June.

Miss Vail was called away four days last week to attend the obsequies of her brother at Indianapolis.

One hundred and forty-three children arrived on the opening day, the largest number we ever started with.

The fact that 10,000,000 of birds are destroyed annually by cats does not make us love cats any the more.

George Morris has an excellent position at Florence, where he expects to make his home during the winter.

Vito Dondiego had no vacation this summer, but he is nearly a hundred dollars to the good for the sacrifice.

Randall McClelland and Fred Ciampaglia will preside over the destinies of the Silent Worker Jrs this year.

We are all wishing for a swimming pool, and hope

that one of these days, the state will furnish us with this luxury.

Among our visitors during the fair week were John Casterline, Mr. Yurik and his little daughters, and Mrs. Felts.

Bernard Doyle became so interested in the Life of Napoleon which he read during the summer that he re-read it twice.

A number of the boys became fine base-ball players during the summer, and two of the girls became quite expert at tennis.

The up-state boys will not be able to call Philadelphia "slow-town" any more, after seeing her team win the pennant.

Lilian Leaming and Isabella Long received calls from Miss Fitts, Miss Taylor and Miss Bergen during the summer.

Eleanor Frost brought with her a doll and a baby-chooch, and spends quite a little of her leisure time looking after her dolly.

Randall McClelland took up the study of electricity during the summer, and, of late, has been devoting considerable time to it.

Sunday school will be from 10:30 to 11:30 for the present, and teachers and children will have the afternoon to themselves.

The red-letter day of the summer to Mabel Smith was an excursion to Burlington Island accompanied by her mother and sister.

It is quite common for a child to arrive at school with a claim check instead of a regular baggage check and the mistake give us no end of trouble.

Marion Apgar got a box of ribbons as a present from a girl friend a few days ago. Now what could be nicer for a girl than such a present.

The photo-engraving department is one of our most attractive fields. Wm. Felts and Geo. Hummel have recently been added to the force there.

A half dozen more of the panorama photographs were mailed to the parents on Friday, making about seventy that have been subscribed for altogether.

Josie Kulikowski says that if she had a chance she would soon be able to "swim like a fish," for she knows she would be greatly interested in it.

During the past year, Alfred Shaw has ridden one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight miles on his bicycle, and the whole distance without an accident.

The basket-ball team launched its boom for the season of 1915-1916 by electing Alfred Shaw captain and is looking forward to a very successful winter.

Ruth Ramshaw's grandmother was away for a week during the summer and Ruth had an opportunity of showing what a good housekeeper she was.

The monitors for the new term are:—Alfred Shaw, Joseph Higgins, Walton Morgan, Alfred Greiff, Bernard Doyle, John Gronkowski, Arthur Greene, Mary Sommers, Perla Harris, Marion Bausman, and Catherine Melone.

The children were given a benefit at the new City Square Thearte on Saturday afternoon, and all enjoyed it very much. Mr. Newcomb presided at the machine.

It is only a half dozen steps by the new concrete walk from the Boys' Building to the Dining Hall and school rooms; and hereafter the weather will make little difference.

A pair of blue-jays, something quite new on our grounds, has been with us for the past couple of weeks. Can it be that they are already looking up quarters for the coming spring.

We have only just begun to admit our new pupils waiting for the old ones to become settled first. Ten of the newcomers are here, and twenty more are expected before the month is out.

A motor-cycle accident in August, sent Arthur Blake to the hospital for several days; but this was not all. The worst was yet to come; for when he returned to his position he found it held down by another operator.

Our boys are rapidly solving the complexities of the linotype machine, so that when one gets out of order, it does not take very long to get it running again. It is very rarely indeed, now, that we have to call in an expert.

## THE FAIR

The 27th.

A splendid treat.

So full of interest.

That nothing could be finer.

Everybody had a glorious time.

Or one more fraught with happiness.

And every body came home hungry.

The exhibitions were the very best ever.

The entertainment was long and attractive.

The merry-go-rounds and Ferris wheels just splendid.

And everything conspired to make up a glorious day.

And when we got to bed and Morpheus kissed our eye-lids down there came Nirvana.

There is a headquarters for lost children every year at the Fair, where from twenty to fifty are gathered in, daily, to await claimants. We have not had one of our children taken there for years until this summer. On Monday one of the baby-boys lost his bearings and was taken by a kind-hearted cop to the receiving-room where twenty-eight others were awaiting parents and friends. When the count was made in the dining-room, in the evening, our little boy was missed and upon inquiry over the phone he was located at head-quarters. Mr. Eldon at once went out for him. When he entered the room where he was, he found him with a policeman's helmet on his head, a big star pinned to his left breast and a big ball in his right hand, and he lay on his left arm sleeping the sleep of the just. It was really, a very funny sight. He was first provided with a good supper and a half hour later was curled in his own little bed at the school.

## NEARLY DROWNED AT SPRING LAKE, N. J.

Miss Fanny Bass, while in bathing at Spring Lake last August, was caught by one of those treacherous undertows and nearly drowned. She was taken out of the water unconscious by six men. Really she wasn't a fish!

Joseph Kreutler is working at the Thatcher Garage in Newark.

## DIVISION FOR THE DEAF IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR AND INDUSTRIES

*Address Delivered at the Thirteenth Biennial Convention of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf, at St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 8-11th, by Miss Petra T. Fandrem, Superintendent of the Division for the Deaf in the State Department of Labor and Industries*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It seems to be a custom to apologize for speaking in public, and I am human enough to want to explain my motives in accepting the invitation of your President to address you today on the subject of The Division for the Deaf in the Department of Labor and Industries. When we study a subject carefully we realize its scope and our limitations in dealing with it. This naturally predisposes a diffident attitude. The possibilities for good under this Division must find their full development and effectiveness in the future, and be gradually worked out. What is said about the work at the present time can be little more than a vague outline of plans, hopes and expectations; for this is a new work. It is desired that you will offer suggestions and criticisms as the occasion may require.

The history of the education of the deaf in America commenced with the founding of a school for the deaf in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817. Very soon after starting the school the necessity of Industrial training was realized. The schools for the deaf took up industrial training many years before it was ever thought of in connection with our public school system. When their graduates were notably conspicuous among the few young folks who left school with a practical knowledge of a bread-winning trade, these graduates found themselves in a rather advantageous position as compared with those from the ordinary schools and readily secured employment at good wages. Unfortunately those conducting the schools for the deaf were so pleased with their success that they "rested on their oars" and permitted other educational institutions to outdistance them in the introduction of industrial training as an important part of their course of instruction. Although they had so many years the start, and were in a position to introduce new methods and appliances with a minimum of disturbance to the existing order, many of our schools for the deaf have today the same equipment and standards in their industrial training departments that they had thirty or more years ago. For the normal child there are now up-to-date training schools, with modern equipment, where the students specialize and become experts. Everything possible is done to encourage the schools to establish special courses. In Minnesota the immense educational fund is drawn upon in paying premiums to every school district that starts a new department of special training under conditions prescribed by law. For this reason the graduates of our schools find it hard to compete with those who are beneficiaries of such training. It is the purpose of the law creating this Division to remove as many as possible of the drawbacks which hinder the remunerative employment of the deaf.

Any plan, to be successful, must be worked out and made into a comprehensive whole. Each step must be complete in itself and lead up to the next step, the whole being directed to the result desired, with the final push to put it through.

The state holds, and rightly so, that an employed citizen is an asset to the state, and the better the workman is trained, the greater the asset. If the state spends money on training its children, and then makes no effort to see to it that the talents developed are put to practical use, it lacks the final "push" that would make all of its

spired by any idea that the deaf are not self-supporting and capable of work. In this respect the deaf have a record to be proud of. Statistics show that of the educated deaf people of the whole country ninety-eight per cent are self-supporting. In our own state there is not a graduate of our school who is, or ever has been, in a charitable or penal institution. Still, labor conditions are constantly changing and steps must be taken to meet these changes.

A comprehensive view of the labor conditions of today will show that many employers of labor are not disposed to employ deaf workmen. This may be due to a number of different things. Possibly they have had so many "deaf impostors" come into their places begging, that they have come to the conclusion that all deaf people are beggars and are good for nothing else. They may have had an unfortunate experience with one or two deaf workmen, and do not care to experiment further; or they may feel that the writing out of orders to a deaf workman involves too great a waste of time. Again, they may have some thought of the new liability laws, that make the careful operation of factories a wise policy. It is such prejudice that this office must endeavor to overcome. Employers should be made to understand that they are no more justified in judging all deaf people by one or two with whom they have had unfavorable experiences, than they are in judging all hearing people by some unfortunate experiences with one or two hearing individuals. While there is some disadvantage in being compelled to write out an order to a deaf workman, employers should have their attention called to the fact that the average deaf man concentrates all his faculties on his work better than does the average hearing man, who is disturbed by various noises. They must be convinced, by the gathering and presentation of statistics, that deaf workmen, because they place increased dependence upon the eyes, are naturally more careful than others and less susceptible to accident. They must be educated as to the nefarious work of the "deaf impostor" and have it impressed upon them that all supposedly deaf beggars should be jailed on sight; for "The Deaf Do Not Beg."

When a deaf man is once employed it sometimes happens that, through lack of facility in expressing his ideas or of his not understanding what is being said to him, he gains the impression that he is not being fairly treated, and so conducts himself as to be dropped from the pay roll. The worker loses a good position and the employer loses a good workman. It is now hoped that before any deaf workman consumes himself with the idea that he has been treated unjustly, at least to such an extent that he leaves his job, he will communicate with this office and permit the head of this Division to see or write to his employer and ascertain the facts in the matter. Usually a clear understanding will settle matters satisfactorily to all.

We ask that the deaf bring their labor questions to this office. If they are successfully employed, we wish to know it, that we may assist others to attain like results. If they are in difficulties, we hope they will inform us, so that we may render them such assistance as we can. We wish to assure the deaf that not only is the Division for the Deaf in the Department of Labor and Industries interested in their welfare and



MISS PETRA T. FANDREM

work effective. It is here that the Department of Labor and Industries comes in and endeavors to improve labor conditions for the citizens of the state; and our Division is a part of the Department. In other words, the state proposes to give the citizen an equal chance with those not handicapped.

The idea of creating this law was conceived by and the great work of putting it through the legislature was done by Mr. A. R. Spear, of Minneapolis. For the benefit of those who have not read, or having read, have forgotten the law creating this Division, it is given here. It was passed by the legislature of 1913, but it was not until last winter that an appropriation was secured making it effective. The law reads:—

Section 1. There shall be created in the bureau of labor a division devoted to the deaf.

Section 2. The Commissioner of Labor shall appoint a competent man to take charge of such division who shall devote his time to the special work of labor for the deaf, under the supervision of the commissioner. He shall collect statistics of the deaf, ascertain what trades or occupations are most suitable for them and best adapted to promote their interest, and shall use his best efforts to aid them in securing such employment as they may be fitted to engage in.

He shall keep a census of the deaf, and obtain facts, information and statistics as to their condition in life, with a view to the betterment of their lot. He shall endeavor to obtain statistics and information of the condition of labor and employment and education of the deaf in other states, with a view to promoting the general welfare of the deaf of this state.

Section 3. He shall be designated as chief of the bureau of labor for the deaf.

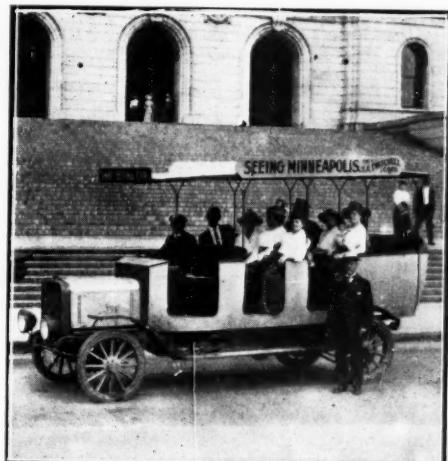
Section 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

A long story might be considerably shortened by stopping right here. Still, there are features of the law which it is desirable should be made clear by discussion.

It must not be presumed that the law was in-

success, but that the WHOLE department is at their service. Every one in the department, from Commissioner Houk down, is enthusiastic in an effort to make this Division a success. Some of them are learning the manual alphabet and are picking up some of the signs. They feel that, if this Division is successful, they can use it to show that other handicapped citizens should have similar divisions in the Department, and that the usefulness of the Department would be extended to every working person within the state. We ask you, therefore, to come to us and consult with us freely. We can best learn our work, and most successfully direct it, through a knowledge of your individual experiences.

Under right conditions and influences, this Division will go further and co-operate with the directors of the industrial training department at the School for the Deaf, at Faribault, and join them in an effort to make the deaf even more useful and successful citizens than they have been heretofore. The Division will endeavor to as-



California Convention Tourists Seeing the Twin Cities

## PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER

**T**HE twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, held in the Court House building at Gettysburg, August 13th, and 14th, 1915, was a profitable and pleasurable gathering, although the attendance was not as large as usual. This may be accounted for by the fact that Gettysburg has only four deaf-mutes among its population of 4030, and a number of deaf residing in the interior of the State were laying aside pennies to enable them to attend the reunions at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in the early Fall. Nevertheless, as stated above, the meeting was still a good one, and the ride over the great battlefield was as thrilling as it was enjoyable. This meeting was honored by the presence of two of the most widely known educators of the deaf in America, Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia, and Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Both gentlemen made encouraging addresses. The Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, of the Diocese of Harrisburg and Central Pennsylvania, as usual, attended the meeting and was very helpful. Mr. Frederick H. Hughes, an oral graduate with a promising future, was also among those attending, it being his first attendance at a meeting of the Society. It is hoped that he will be seen again at other meetings of the Society. Philadelphia, Reading and Pittsburgh sent regularly appointed delegates, which was not only good but their examples should be followed by other cities in future. Prof. A. R. Wentz, of Gettysburg College, and Mrs. W. A. McClain, who is interested in the Mothers' Congress and Child Welfare, were also among those who addressed the meeting. No group picture of the Convention was taken, but a group of visitors to the battlefield was taken which we hope to present in a future issue.

The following officers of the Society were elected for the ensuing year: President, James S. Reider, of Philadelphia, who is serving his tenth consecutive term; First Vice-President, Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Reading; Second Vice-President, Frank A. Leitner, of Pittsburgh; Secretary, R. M. Ziegler, of Philadelphia; Treasurer, John A. Roach, of Philadelphia. The next meeting of the Society will be held in Philadelphia in 1916.

The Alumni Associations of both the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb held their first reunions almost simultaneously,

the former on September 1st to 4th, and the latter on September 4th to 6th (Labor Day). From accounts of each that have appeared in the Deaf Mutes' Journal, both were held at the respective alma maters and both turned out very enjoyable affairs. Each of the Associations will hold their second reunion in 1917, two years hence.

The Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and Mrs. Margaret J. Syle, Parish Visitor of the same church, were the only deaf persons from this city to visit the two expositions in California the past Summer. Both of them returned to the city to resume their duties early in September.

The Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, who has been living in Allentown for several years past, received a call to the curacy of Christ Church, Reading, and has moved his family to that city.

On July 21st, last, Mrs. Thomas Breen was struck by an automobile while crossing the street and quite severely injured. The accident occurred late in the evening at Oak Lane, a beautiful suburban place, where she had spent the day sewing for a wealthy family. Fortunately her injuries, which consisted of two broken ribs and a number of bruises, have mended so well since that she is able to go about again with care.

During the Rev. Mr. Dantzer's absence in the West the services at All Souls' Church were maintained regularly by clerical supply and the lay-readers. The Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., supplied on August 8th, and September 5th, the Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Reading, Pa., on July 4th, August 1st, and on September 5 with the Rev. Mr. Whildin, and the Rev. H. C. Merrill, of Washington, D. C., on July 18th.

One of the early Summer visitors to Philadelphia was Mr. Leandro A. Maldonado, of San Francisco, Cal. He is an oral graduate of the Pennsylvania School and made the trip East for the purpose of attending the Alumni Reunion in the latter part of June. The reunion, however, had been postponed to September.

The Clerc Literary Association gave an excursion to Wildwood, N. J., on July 17th, and the Philadelphia Frats gave another to Atlantic City on July 24th. Both were not only successful but enjoyable affairs.

certain the trades in which there is a demand for deaf workmen, and inform the instructors at Faribault, so that if it is possible they can prepare certain of their pupils to meet this demand. The Division will also make an earnest effort to have positions awaiting all graduates. It will use its influence to secure for the graduates of the school entrance to the Minneapolis Training School for the State Agricultural College, for the finishing of their training. We hope to make this Division so valuable to the deaf, and to show such good results that similar divisions will be provided in every state in the Union. Also that this work will eventually have national recognition by the establishment of a National Bureau in Washington. The possibilities are great, if we gain your full co-operation, and we ask each of you to give us your help. Minnesota, in inaugurating this work, takes the lead in progressive legislation for the deaf. May she ever remain at the front!

Taking a short route to his home in a section of Wilkes Barre, Pa., on July 25th, George Lenahan, a deaf-mute, crossed the tracks of the Central Railroad not far from his home and was killed by an engine.

Miss Dora Hart, of Erie, Pa., was admitted to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doyles- town, during the summer.

Mr. James F. Brady, one of our younger deaf, has purchased a comfortable house at Audubon, N. J., and moved his family there. Mr. Brady will be missed by his friends here on many occasions, but he will make daily trips to Philadelphia to work, being a printer and holding a case in a large publishing house.

The Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Kansas City, Mo., spent the summer with his family at Olyphant, Pa. He does so most every summer, we understand.

Mr. William L. Davis, President of Philadelphia Division No. 30, attended the Frat convention at Omaha, Neb., as a Grand Officer, and Mr. Jas. S. Reider, as the regular delegate of No. 30. Mr. Patrick O'Brien, a member of No. 30, accompanied the delegates who left Philadelphia early on Thursday evening, July 1st. When accounts were compared, it was discovered that all three had a box of cigars in their bags. The trio kept together at Chicago and until Omaha was reached. There Pat met a brother with whom he stayed, making daily trips to the Hotel Rome to see what was going on there and in the convention. Pat formerly lived in Omaha and knows all the Indian trails there, so he must have felt at home. He has grown to such a height that Supt. Booth, one of his former teachers, did not recognize him. Messrs. Davis and Reider went from Omaha to Emporia, Kansas, and afterwards returned East, leaving Pat behind. He came back home nearly two weeks later.

Miss Louisa W. Geiger, in company with Mrs. O. N. Krause, of Allentown, Pa., spent some time visiting in Altoona and Tyrone, Pa., last August.

Messrs. Eugene McCarty, Luke McGucken, Joseph Mayer, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Tafe attended the recent convention of the Knights of De l'Epee and reunion at Buffalo, N. Y.

## WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH



OME years ago this department made the suggestion that instead of the tawdry ribbon Convention badge, a neat metal one be substituted, with the name:

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, and suspended from it a bar, giving the year and place. The National Guard uses a badge on this order, and the price is comparatively low. Continuous membership should entitle a member to the "back" numbers, and if the suggestion had been carried out, the veteran Edwin Allan Hodgson, at San Francisco, would have shone resplendent and alone with a badge something like this:

National Association of the Deaf	
o	o
Cincinnati, 1880	
o	o
New York, 1883	
o	o
Washington, 1880	
o	o
Chicago, 1893	
o	o
Philadelphia, 1896	
o	o
St. Paul, 1899	
o	o
St. Louis, 1904	
o	o
Norfolk, 1907	
o	o
Colorado Springs, 1910	
o	o
Cleveland, 1913	
o	o
San Francisco, 1915	
o	o

The next best attendance record is that of Dr. Thomas F. Fox, who has missed only the last, and the third is a tie between Messrs. M. Heyman and the writer, the former having missed the St. Paul and Cleveland meetings, and the writer the first and the last. I think Dr. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, comes next in the record.

For the first time in almost a third of a century, this department is without a Convention resume or aftermath, because for the first time in that period the writer has missed a Convention. Two of them this summer, for beside the San Francisco meeting there was the big "Frat" conclave at Omaha, so other and better hands will pen the narratives.

When the doctors disagree there is a hesitation to decide, so from a mere reading of the proceedings, one must judge for himself, since Editor Hodgson and Dr. Cloud take radically opposite points of view on the San Francisco meeting, and the measure of success it attained.

All things combined, though it does not seem that St. Louis' attendance record, or Colorado Springs "joy" record was broken.

Of the living members of the N. A. D., who were not in evidence at San Francisco, and without whom things must have seemed strange were Messrs. Fox, MacGregor, Veditz, Long, Hanson, Koehler, Dougherty, Hasenstab, Allabough, and yet others, and Mr. Hodgson appears to have been the only ex-President in attendance, though all of them are living, as I recall them, others are Messrs. Fox, Patterson, Smith, Koehler, Veditz and Hanson.

A party of New York ladies summering at an Inn, in the Berkshires, were surprised when an order for a touring car was given, to find it operated by a totally deaf chauffeur. One of the ladies, who is executive and secretary to a deaf man, in New York, and very familiar with the manual alphabet and signs, undertook to speak to the chauffeur by that method, but he waved her off, informing her that he read the lips, and knew nothing of the other method of communication, and more, he did not want to. To his credit, though, he was a good driver; knew the roads, and really could read the lips. Because of his deafness, he does not drive at night though, but in spite of this, when the head of the family of ladies joined them he put the taboo on the deaf driver, and during his stay there, a hearing man handled the car. I can't blame him, though, for the risk of accident, particularly, in crossing railroad tracks is serious enough even with a normal chauffeur.

An odd occupation for a totally deaf man, isn't it?

The Publisher and I have spent a vacation together every year for 34 years, which ought to mark something in vacation records, and for the past dozen years fishing has played an important part in the recreation. The fishing was done under all sorts of conditions from wetting our lines for bass in the mountains of Pennsylvania, miles from civilization, to luring the fluke on the ocean deep. This summer we had an experience in taking the joy out of the sport. With New York's dean of the fishing corps, LeClercq, and a "rookie," Elsworth, we made a trip that won't be repeated, for we were putting in a second day's activity without a night's rest preceding it. At the conclusion of a day which meant work until noon, and participating in an Ulmer Park outing all afternoon and all evening the wise thing for a man to do is to go home and get his due sleep. We did the other and unwise thing and hied ourselves down the Sheepshead Bay and at 11 P.M. boarded the good fisher yacht Evelyn, which sails at the hour of two A.M. The sleeping accommodations of the cabin were too roasting hot, so the deck camp-stools and myriads of mosquitoes was the lesser of the two evils.

At 1:30 A.M. the would-be fishermen found that the "Evelyn" was already loaded beyond her license, so our party and some other luckless anglers were made to disembark and hustle for another boat. We found one in the "Cayuga." At two promptly, lines are cast off and we head down the Bay to the open sea. The heat no longer bothers us and the mosquitoes are left behind. Manhattan and Brighton Beaches look deserted and Coney Island is asleep, or it appears to be, for instead of the thousands of lights, only here and there can one be seen.

The sea is a bit choppy, and our engine stalls. Not re-assuring there almost in the channel and blackness all around, and a broken-down engine. In the darkness looms up a steamer—all lit up, and looking to us on our tiny craft, to be a veritable Leviathan. Later we learn she is the

Rotterdam in from a hazardous voyage from Holland.

Our engine is going again and we see the activities of the British Cruiser squadron off Sandy Hook, for their search-lights are kept going on every passing craft.

And after two and a half hours sail, with the famous Highland lights abeam, come the first evidences of the new born day. A faint tint changes the black water and blue sky a shade lighter and so, gradually, the never failing transformation manifests itself, just as it always has and always will every twenty-four hours, and yet so few of us ever witness it.

But the whole order of a fishing day is changed. We breakfast at 5:30 whereas our first food at sea is usually taken at noon. When noon does come we all feel the fatigue not usually due till hours later. A man three quarters dead for sleep is in no condition to fish, though the spectacle of the landing of two ten-foot sharks by other fishermen close by certainly got us wide awake for a while. A photograph of the four fishermen taken when they landed in New York at 3 o'clock that day would have shown each with right arm aloft expressing the quaint "Never Again" declaration.

Paul West, author of the "Bill" stories in the magazine section of the Sunday World, had one last summer that portrayed "Bill" as a "pinch" player on a deaf-mute team from a "Home for Deaf and Dumb Boys." As a story it was funny enough, but it put deaf boys, methods, manners, etc., in a questionable light, and told of things that only exist in misinformed or uninformed minds.

I took it on myself to write The World, and Mr. West, too, a correction. I might as well have saved my effort, stamp, and time.

Just a week or two before, Dr. Woods Hutchinson had a scare - head story in the Evening Journal, with a lot of inaccuracies about the deaf and their relation to the Defective Class. Coming from Dr. Hutchinson (whom I have talked with in the past, and whom I esteem highly) it was a great surprise, as generally what he says is fact. I wrote him pointing out the glaring injustice he had done us, but as in the previous incident, it was a waste of effort.

Last June several New York dailies ran stories of closing exercises at the Public School for the Deaf on 23rd street, and again, a lot of absurdities in regard to the deaf, and a lot of inaccuracies concerning other schools for the deaf and some downright lies as to results the day school achieved not reached by any other school.

And yet again, no notice was taken by either of three dailies written to, protesting against misleading the public, and giving the actual facts.

And same old result. Not a word of correction by either of the three.

The moral is, if there's any moral to it, that when a metropolitan daily prints a statement, they want to let it go, at any cost, under any circumstances rather than run a correction.

Exception is taken to a statement I made giving the attendance at a "declamation" of Rigoletto here in New York as "about two score," the committee inform me that 134 tickets were sold and most all presented, so I was away off in estimating the size of the audience. However, the numerical attendance was a mere aside. My contentions were that live, original subjects and treated in a live, original way, make for an evening's enjoyment, not a parrot-like recital of a

book or an opera, which at best can only be tedious, flat, dull, uninteresting and a bore, and only attract an audience at all because of some good cause to benefit by it. The deaf have been humbugged time and time again, and still go for the sake of an evening out, and the meeting with each other prior to and after the ordeal inflicted on them, part of which suffering is heroically undergone because of the ice-cream and refreshment treat that follows.

No tribute more beautiful than that paid to the late Harry R. Hart, of Chicago, could be paid any one, and no grander demonstration of the universal Brotherhood of the Deaf. It is a most wonderful thing, this brotherhood that knits men of all races, all creeds and all stations in life, into one bond. The services over the remains of the popular Chicagoan were conducted by a Rabbi, and besides the presence, as mourners, of both the Episcopal and Methodist deaf Clergymen of Chicago, there were floral tributes from both their congregations, and from the Epworth League and Ladies' Aid Society. The professional "baiter" hasn't reached Chicago yet, for which Chicagoans should be thankful. The professional "baiter," generally to make a showing for his financial emoulment, aims to break up this brotherhood by sowing the seed of religious hatred and persecution.

It is the pettiest of petty business besides being vicious business, this endeavor to make the creed lines so narrow that anyone who oversteps is to be persecuted, and is at variance with what America promises and Americanism stands for.

Among odd breaks in the types, none that I ever came across was as genuinely funny as a headline in the most popular of all papers published for the Deaf, which wanted to convey information about a service that had been held for deaf people, on an elevation eight hundred feet in the air, which bore the caption: "God Worshipped by Deaf-Mutes Eight Hundred Feet High."

Advertising should appear in its proper place in the columns devoted to that purpose on the back pages, so I am not going to mention the man, nor his place of business, but I will have to mention his occupation, so will volunteer that he is a photographer, doing business in a big city, and as he is a deaf man, his young woman assistant informs patrons of the circumstances, and adds, that if there are any special ideas to be carried out, she will tell her principal by spelling it to him. A commander in the Navy had changed from street dress to full uniform before she had a chance to tell him, whereat the officer thanked her and suggested he might make a try at that sort of communication. He proved to be an expert did Commander B. F. Hutchinson, U. S. N., for he is a brother of Mrs. A. N. Merrill, of St. Louis. Only those who have had the pleasure of a talk from an expert whom they did not even dream could form a single letter will appreciate the satisfaction of it. Commander Hutchinson is now at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, preparing on reaching his Captaincy next August, to take battleship command.

Another incident: Same place of business, and the subject to be immortalized one of New York's "solidest" and wealthiest men. Almost entirely deaf and evidently keenly sensitive about it, for he did not mention it, and therefore knew nothing of the young woman's remarks concerning the cameraist's own deafness. The cameraist gets his pose, requests a second's stillness, turns his head away and presses the bulb, so the cameraist did not know till he developed the plates, that the "solid citizen" had moved in every one, as he had not heard the request to hold the pose.

Then the facts came out and the solid citizen tried again and got signals instead of spoken requests, with very happy results.

Perhaps my old friend, Prof. Caldwell, wasn't correctly quoted, but here is his explanation of how deaf people dance to musical accompaniment:

"They feel the sound waves against the lower part of their throat, and in dancing keep time with the drum beats, which they feel against their throats. A deaf person always clutches at his throat when a revolver, or gun, is discharged, or any loud detonation occurs."

Perhaps the San Francisco Examiner reporter took liberties with the Professor's information, but if he did the Professor hasn't seen fit to correct it. In all my experience I have never witnessed anything that bears out any one of the statements.

The best thing President Howard got off at San Francisco was in his remarks on the Staunton Banquet which I quote below:

"A feature of the meeting at Staunton, should be brought to your attention. There was a banquet of the editors and correspondents of papers published at the schools for the deaf. Two-thirds of those present were deaf and every person present, with the exception of one guest, was a past master in the use of the sign-language. It would seem natural and the dictates of common courtesy would require, that the sign-language be used. However, with the possible exception of Dr. Argo, of Colorado, every hearing man who responded to a toast or took active part in the proceedings, insisted upon speaking orally. It was necessary for interpreters to convey their remarks to the deaf, who felt like strangers at their own banquet. It might not be out of place to suggest to some of those connected with schools for the deaf that courtesy, like honesty, is often the best policy. If courtesy is not congenital, it may be acquired."

#### Bully!

Every person who sat at the banquet table draws a salary from a School for the Deaf. They were in attendance at the banquet as editors of papers for the deaf, and if ever the deaf took precedence over the hearing it was on this occasion, yet the opportunity to show deference to us was neglected and the speaker's remarks were translated for the benefit of the deaf instead of vice-versa.

At a similar affair in Philadelphia during a Speech Association Convention, just 19 years ago, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell interpreted every speech but his own, for the benefit of those who were deaf, and when he got up to speak he asked the late Prof. Weston Jenkins to speak in signs.

At Chicago and at Chautauqua, even during informal confabs, outside the Convention Hall, he always saw that we who were deaf "heard" what was going on.

At Chicago in 1893, one of the confabs on the lawn lasted till after 2 A. M. Dr. Bell, the late Dr. F. D. Clarke, Professors Conner, Mathison, and two or three others, were still at it, and though I was the only deaf person still present Dr. Bell kept interpreting till the last.

It is very rare indeed for deaf men to have their inning, but when it comes, as it did at Staunton, the hearing should defer to them.

ALEX. L. PACH.

#### A FOUR YEARS OLD BOY A HERO

From the New Orleans *American*, March 29:— "David Reynolds, aged four years, was the hero in a destructive fire that destroyed a tenement block here last night. The boy was awakened by the flames and at once aroused his deaf and dumb parents, who succeeded in time to permit them to escape. The building was occupied by six families."

The deaf-mute is a quiet sort of a fellow and yet is always ready to take a hand in the conversation.

A. R. C.

#### JENKINS MEMORIAL FUND

##### COMMITTEE

George S. Porter, *Chairman*.

John Black Charles Cascella  
W. Atkinson Mrs. M. Glynn

##### Bulletin No. 6

*Mr. John P. Walker.....	\$5.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter.....	2.00
Mr. A. L. Pach.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson.....	2.00
*Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hunt.....	2.00
Mr. E. A. Hodgson.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman.....	1.00
*Mr. B. H. Sharp.....	1.00
Miss Mary R. Wood.....	1.00
Mr. George F. Morris.....	1.00
*Miss Bertha Bilbee.....	1.00
Mr. Walter Throckmorton.....	1.00
Mr. W. W. Beadell.....	1.00
Mr. Albert C. Titus.....	.50
Mr. Charles Jones.....	.50
Miss Catherine Smith.....	.50
*Miss Elizabeth Hall.....	.25
(Through Mr. Capelli)	
Mr. Anthony Capelli.....	1.00
Mr. Albert V. Ballin.....	1.00
(Through Mildred Henemier)	
Miss Mildred Henemier.....	.25
Mrs. Louis Henemier.....	.10
Mrs. Annie W. Henemier Jr.....	.25
Miss Olive Henemier.....	.25
Mrs. Frank Schmidt.....	.25
Mrs. Stanley Henemier.....	.10
Mrs. Tina Darrell.....	.10
Mrs. Henry Wentz.....	.10
Mr. Henry Wentz.....	.25
Mrs. Ralph Quidor.....	.10
Miss Edith Quidor.....	.05
Mr. Alfred King.....	.25
Miss Louisa Miller.....	.15
Miss Florence Henemier.....	.05
Mr. Louis Henemier.....	.10
*Pledges.	
Total to date.....	\$27.10

Mr. Anthony Capelli, in sending in his and Mr. Ballin's contributions says: "Mr. Ballin proposed the following to me, and I forward the same for your consideration.

"If the memorial is to be a crayon or pastel portrait he will do it for nothing, except what it costs him, and if it is to be an oil painting, he will do it cheap, cheaper than any one you could find to do the same work, because he esteems the late Prof. Weston Jenkins one of his best and truest of friends. But he does not ask for any favors in any way. If it is to be a Bronze Bust, the better he will like it. The more honor you can do to the memory of the man he will like it.

"For my part I think that if by next year a sufficient sum is not raised, to wait. Try to get pledges from every member of the N. J. Association to raise a certain sum, thus get enough money to get something that will always remain for future generations to see in what high esteem Mr. Jenkins was held by the deaf, his friends."

It is hoped that the Committee will make personal appeals to as many of the deaf as possible. Send reports of all collections monthly to the Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J., which will be added to the Bullets that follow.

GEO. S. PORTER,  
Custodian.

Very few persons comprehend the mental condition of a deaf child before he has been placed under instruction bright and intelligent as he may appear, often more quick to perceive than his hearing brothers and sisters, his untrained mind is yet a depth of ignorance so profound that it cannot be fathomed.

The uneducated deaf know almost nothing because they hear nothing. Their greatest deprivation consists not in the exclusion of sound, but in the exclusion of all knowledge conveyed to the mind through the sense of hearing.—*St. Joseph of the Oaks*.

# Some of The Copper Country's Popular Deaf People

By PANSY



MRS. JAMES HENDERSON  
Formerly Mary A. Betzler

**U**in the northern peninsula of Michigan, known as the Copper Country, lies the little city of Calumet surrounded by the copper mines. The different districts are known by various Indian names. This is due to the fact that the earlier generations this part of Michigan was thickly populated by Indian tribes—few now remain.

Here in this quiet nook of Michigan can be found some of Michigan's popular deaf people. All consist of one family of brothers and sisters. Of the four Betzler children Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Mae Kenzie are the oldest, while Carl and Elizabeth are the youngest. In the fall of 1878, Mary and Matilda entered the Michigan School for the Deaf at Flint.

In these early days no trains were running between Calumet and Detroit, so they went back and forth by boat.

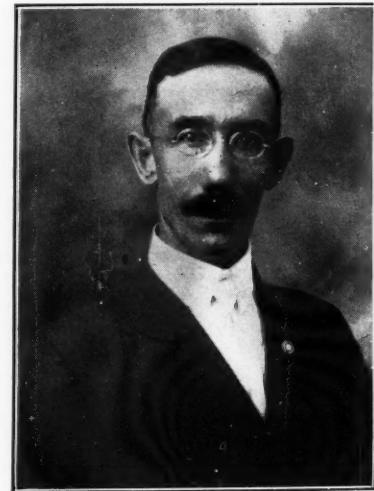
Of them all Mary is the only one who took a full graduating course, while Matilda, Carl and Elizabeth left school for different reasons. In 1895, Mary was married to Mr. James Henderson, formerly of Ethel, Ontario, Canada. By this union into the Betzler family, Mr. Henderson became Americanized, although he is a native born Canadian.

Mrs. Matilda Mae Kenzie was left a widow



MRS. MATILDA Mc KENIZE  
Formerly Matilda Betzler

shortly after her marriage, so she returned to her parental roof, where she has ever since made it her home. After the death of her parents, she assumed the responsible duties of caring



MR. JAMES HENDERSON  
Formerly of Ethel, Ontario.

She returned to Calumet, feeling more than well pleased with her summer's outing.

Mr. Carl W. Betzler, after ten years' schooling at Flint, Mich., left in the fall of 1900 and took up a position in a printing office at Calumet, which position he has filled with efficiency for the past fifteen years.

Elizabeth Betzler in the summer of 1913 married Mr. Fred Toellner and went with her husband to Angola, N. Y., a small village some 22 miles of Buffalo, N. Y. Shortly after their union, Mr. Toellner purchased land and built upon it a model cottage in which they now reside.

The interior is finely finished and is a model of beauty, comfort and convenience.

Mr. Toellner is a graduate of LeCouteulx St. Mary's Inst. for Catholic Deaf at Buffalo, N. Y. Messrs. John and Albert Betzler, who still with Carl Betzler remain at the old home, have for many years been prominently connected with the Cooper Mining Company of Calumet.

#### WOULDN'T MIND THAT.

An Italian who kept a fruit stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance he finally put up a sign which read:

If you must pincha da fruit—pincha da cocoanut!



MR. CARL BETZLER

for her home and those of her three brothers who still remain at the old home and enjoy the ideal bachelor life. The past summer, Mrs. Mae Kenzie spent it in Detroit, Flint, Buffalo and Angola, N. Y. While in Buffalo, N. Y., she took a sidetrip to Niagara Falls, taking in the world's greatest cataract.



THE TOELLNER COTTAGE  
At Angola, New York



MR. FRED TOELLNER



MRS. FRED TOELLNER  
Formerly Lizzie Betzler

## NEWARK NOTES

## Random Briefs and Sketches of the Metropolis

OW that another summer has flourished and waned, most of the vacationists have put away their various fishing tackle, tennis racquets and bathing suits; and that much needed and read vacation guide has, as it was predestined, made its way to the waste-basket. The call of the office and shop has oversounded that of the woodland and mountain and many are listening to what business prospect may bring, rather than trying to divine "what the wild waves are saying." This is of course as it should be, but without fear of being called too material, a review of the summer's frolic will seem in order and getting right down to "Brasstacks" it was to most of the deaf of this vicinity a pleasant summer. Many took advantage of the city's excellent transportation facilities to the many near-by resorts and beaches.

\* \*

On the evening of June 25th, the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society gave a theatrical performance. The occasion was that of a "Dramatic Night" and everything but "Drama" went over the improvised boards. The play was a comedy farce and had as its author the Society's scribe. The "Lost Love's Longing" was its title and it proved a laugh producer from start till finish.

\* \*

What was felt as distinctly a surprise, was the announcement Mr. Anthony Zachmann made at an affair that he and Miss Anna Bissett had been married (for) two years ago. Of course this belated announcement did not hinder their many friends from pouring upon them myriads of felicitations and wishes of future welfare. Both Mr. Zachmann and Anna Bissett are former pupils of the New Jersey School for the Deaf and both will be remembered for their affable and courteous treatment by all while at school. Mr. and Mrs. Zachmann are temporarily residing at the residence of Mr. Zachmann's father at West New Brighton, Staten Island. In the course of the year they will set up house-keeping for themselves. They have the best wishes of all their former friends with them.

\* \*

Sunday, August 1st, was a red-letter day for John Black and his coterie of Frats, for on this day the Brooklyn Brothers of Division 33, N. F. S. D., held their family outing at Phoenix Park, New Dorp, S. I., and on this occasion the Brothers from Newark Division 42, were the guests of honor. It was a gay and stately crowd that gathered at the terminal of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad and impatiently awaited the command of Field-Marshall Johnny Black to shoulder accoutrement consisting of bats, gloves, balls, innumerable lunch boxes, cameras and what-nots incidentally. When the order came at last all silently filed into one of the coaches of the waiting train whence they presently descended into those dark and cavernous caves known as the "Tubes" and were whisked like on wings ethereal to the other side of that Historic Hudson. After a pleasant sail over the bay on the ferry-boat and a more pleasant ride per trolley over the hills and through the "dingy dells" of Staten Island, the Newark delegation with their ladies (yes they were there too) arrived at the scene of merriment. As it was just noon hour the tasting of viands was first in order. After satisfying the inner-man, Eddie Bradley, who had the management of the base-ball team in his hands, unsheathed the bats and dusted off the gloves prior to the clash on the diamond with the Brooklyn Brothers. After the details were arranged and after that young gentleman of unparalleled merit and fair renown—Samuel Pickwick Eber—had rent the air with a few extemporaneous remarks concerning the bad condition of the diamond and the pitcher's box in general, hostilities commenced, and everything went along swimmingly for the Newark boys. The score stood 7 runs to 2 in favor of Newark when

Old Jupiter Pluvius took a hand in the affair and ended the fray—

"Ill with Old Jupe's mood that day,  
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay."

Yes, his mood was fierce, for the downpour would not cease, so nothing was left to do but to sit in the pavilion and have a chat with the many acquaintances we met there. "All's well that ends well," as the old saw goes. Early in the evening the party broke up and the Newark Brothers westward wended their way, tired but unanimous in the declaration of having spent a pleasant day among friends.

\* \*

The Messers. Philip Hoenig and Harry Redman were frequent visitors at Camp Clark which is situated midway between Arverne and Far Rockaway. Mr. Hoenig as a member of the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Club spent two weeks at their diggings. He intended to remain longer but was called back on business. It was with a heavy heart that he packed his "duds" and homeward took his way. It is with pleasant reminiscence that the writer recalls the day



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY ZACHMAN  
Who were married two years ago

he spent at the camp as guest of the Clark Boys and it did not fail to impress him favorably. The bungalow is situated some two hundred yards from the ocean and with commodious dressing rooms affords a pleasant place indeed. The Clark boys, by the way, deserve meritorious comment for the efforts they at all times show in making it pleasant for their guests and in the ability they show in maintaining a place of recreation for their members. Here the young men may spend weeks in the open and with clean diversion live a life that will always receive the indorsement of those who know the value of building up muscle moral, which proves such a strong asset in every-day life.

\* \*

Mr. Theodore A. Little, of Maplewood, spent a week on the farm of an acquaintance near Hackettstown and is quite enthusiastic in relating his pleasant experiences there. Mr. Little and his wife were also in attendance at the Reunion of the Alumni Association of the Mt. Airy School at Philadelphia on Labor-day.

\* \*

Miss Maude E. Thompson had as her guest, at her home in Point Pleasant, N. J., Miss Sadie Sperling, of Newark, for a week. When the Misses Maude and Sadie were not sporting themselves in the briny realms of Neptune they went about visiting friends and in the course of their jaunts touched Asbury Park, Belmar, Spring Lake and Deal Beach. Both admit having a very pleasant time.

\* \*

The "house-father" of the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society has with the President, Charles Cascella, conferred on several improvements that are necessary. With the fall of leaves and the first rustle of chill October winds the social season of the Society begins. Affairs of various kinds are on the program of the Entertainment Committee and then when it is cooler the "Debating Society" will hold forth weekly around the radiators and discuss topics diverse, so congenial Johnny Black must sure hustle to have

everything ready and in condition, for the gentlemen of the "Debating Society" also have the reputation of doing a little "knocking" now and then just to stimulate the activity of the House Committee, which for willingness in general seeks its equal.

\* \*

Recently two young ladies of our Newark set had an experience worth relating. It was at the picnic of the Brooklyn Division, N. F. S. D., at Ullmer Park, that these two young ladies toward evening felt the pangs of hunger and joined a party of young people who had the same aim as they—namely—to still the cravings of the inner-man. To the nearest caravansary they hied themselves and soon were engrossed in selecting something "chic," as they put it, from the Menu Card. It happened that everything at this restaurant had a foreign accent, from the innocent looking table linen to the obsequious waiters and so these young ladies wrestled with the problem of ordering something that would be out of the ordinary. At last one of them seemed to have it. "What do you say to 'Hamburg Steak a la Tartar,'" she asked of her companion. Both had eaten Hamburg Steak often before but that a la Tartar was something that held fascination for both. "Let's order it, do!" replied the other, so it was settled, *hast garcon!* Two portions of Hamburg Steak a la *Tartar*. While the waiter retired to have their orders filled both revelled in the thoughts of what luscious delight would be theirs. They considered themselves gourmands and would not fail to impress their friends when they got back to Newark. Fancy, therefore, the astonishment and consternation of these two young ladies when the waiter very ceremoniously placed before them on the table two great gobs of raw meat chopped fine and garnished with parsley! "Oh, horrors!" exclaimed both and after somewhat regaining their poise and composure the waiter was compelled to take back the meat and have the *Tartar* removed from it. The result was that both contented themselves with a plain steak, but firmly resolved never again to order dishes with a foreign tail again.

\* \*

Formal announcement is made herewith that the Committee selected by the President of the State Association at the last Convention of that organization to raise through subscription funds for a memorial to be dedicated to the Newark Deaf-Mutes' mind and how so to present that matter as to conform to the law of mental development.

The cost per year for boarders, including board, washing, tuition, books, etc., is from \$164 to \$184.

## The Model School

It is a thorough academic training school preparatory to college, business or drawing room.

The schools are well provided with apparatus for all kinds of work, laboratories, manual training room, gymnasium, etc.

The cost of day pupils is from \$28 to \$64 per year, according to grade, and \$224 to \$244 for boarders.

## The Boarding Halls

The Boarding Halls are lighted by electricity, heated by steam, well ventilated, provided with baths and all modern conveniences. The sleeping rooms are nicely furnished and are very cosy.

For further particulars apply to the Principal.

J. M. GREEN

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### WHY IS TRAPSHOOTING?

A Yankee answer to the question "Why is trapshooting?" is "Why is a shotgun?"

Answer the second question and you will have answered the first. The answer to both is that the average American likes to do a thing himself rather than simply watch others do it, and he loves a gun.

There are millions of shotguns owned in the United States. Could there be better proof of the American liking for this type of firearms? Estimates vary as to the number of trapshooters in the country, but putting it conservatively there are fully 500,000. Here is evidence that Americans like to "play" as well as to watch their favorite games.

During 1914 more than 1100 new trapshooting clubs were organized and the average increase in membership of old clubs were more than 50 per cent. This year promises to beat last year's record.

To what proportion the clay bird game will eventually grow it is impossible to predict, but that it bids fair to outdistance every other form of outdoor recreation is forecast that has strong evidence to back it.

### GUNNERS KEEP IN TRIM

Naturally, the "first line" of trapshooting recruits is drawn from field shots who get in the game to keep in practice during closing seasons. However, and, in many cases, trapshooting comes to have first claim on the sportsmen.

These men soon become adepts in the art of shattering the clay saucers. A large number of the professional target shooters are recruited from the ranks of veteran field shots.

The other class of trapshooting beginners is composed of city-bred men, who have little opportunity to yield to the inherent American desire to use firearms. With these novices, recreation plus the native liking for powder burning is the impelling motive back of their mastering intricacies of the trap game. Included in this classification is an ever increasing number of business and professional men who find in an afternoon at the traps a tonic for fagged nerves that excels store efficacy all the medicine in a well stocked drug shop.

### VACATIONISTS CARRY GUNS

The vacationist of today carries with them an equipment that in extent would make a war correspondent envious.

An inventory of the outdoor pleasure seekers' baggage would show a camera, golf sticks, a tennis racket, fishing tackle and the lately-added shotgun, for at any resort that rightfully lays claim to being modern, will be found trapshooting layouts of a character that would do credit to a gun club.

Keen rivalry among resorts for the "trapshooter trade" has resulted in the annual staging of tournaments that in attractiveness of programs, value of trophies and attendance equal the handicap meets of the Interstate Association. As a matter of fact, several of the resort shoots are "registered" with the Interstate, thereby receiving the official sanction of "organized" trapshooting.

### CLAY TARGET SHOOTING

The Ideal Sport For Business and Professional Men.

By C. H. Newcomb, Leading Pennsylvania Amateur.

For me to say anything about trapshooting lays me open to suspicion of bias as in the case of a certain Pennsylvania judge before whom a chicken thief was about to be tried.

The prisoner protested on the ground that his honor would be prejudiced. When pressed by the lawyer assigned to defend the accused for an ex-

planation, the man said: "Well, boss, it's this way, I've been up before that judge three times foah dis same kind of thing, and I've afraid dat he might be ah bit prejudiced."

But, even at the risk of being placed under suspicion of letting enthusiasm bias my view, repeat that there is no sport that compares with the trap game as a recreation for the business or professional man. Every factor of clay-bird shooting seems peculiarly adapted to the requirements of this class.

To begin with, anybody with eyesight or not otherwise physically unfit can acquire some degree of ability; shooting can be indulged in during all seasons of the year; it is a game for the individual; it is purely amateur; trapshooting grounds are within easy access of the business section of nearly every city; the amount of shooting he will do is left entirely to the shooter; a visit to a club and participation in the sport is regulated as to time—an hour or day—by the shooter alone; it takes one's mind off all other affairs for the time being; it is outdoor game; the handling of a shotgun during a shoot affords exercise without over-exertion. In short, there are a thousand and one reasons why a man burdened with business or professional affairs should seek relief in more or less regular attendance at a gun club.

### THE LOAFING BUSINESS

My son, follow not in the footsteps of the loafer, and make no example of him who is born tired, for, verily, I say unto you, his business is outstocked, the seats on the corner are all taken, and the whittling places are all occupied. It is better to saw wood at two bits a cord than to whittle at a whittling match and abuse the government. My son, whilst thou hast in thy skull the sense of a jaybird, break away from the cigarette habit, for, lo, thy breath stinketh like a glue factory, and thy mind is less intelligent than a store dummy! Yea, thou art like a cipher with the rim knocked off.—Robert J. Burdette.



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Sold at Goldberg's Department Store  
Trenton, N. J.

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Monument to Innocent Pleasure  
Coney Island, N. Y.      Atlantic City, N. J.  
Bridgeport, Conn.

**The British Deaf Times**

An illustrated monthly magazine—newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

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Twenty-four page monthly

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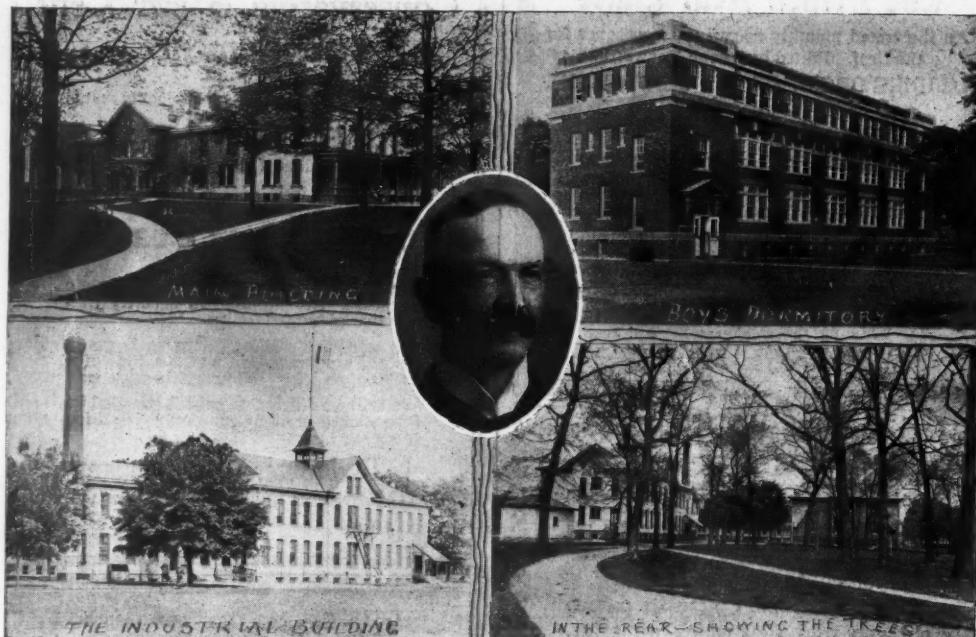
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